

STAR? DIRECTOR? AUTHOR?

Which Deserves the Credit—Page 24

Silver Screen

February



Ruby Keeler

J O H N
R O L S T O N
C L A R K E

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN Suffer Pain—Needlessly

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1)

blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

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City..... State.....

"I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS—"

NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?



alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drugstore. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".



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"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

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Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover—Douglas Montgomery. The director—Richard Wallace.



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GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

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METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD
FEBRUARY 1934

VOLUME FOUR
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Silver Screen

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BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The OPENING CHORUS



Thelma Todd in a "transformation," with a white strand of silver threads among the raven tresses. A beauty spot in "Hip Hips Hooray."

THE annual opening of the swanky Hollywood Mayfair at the Beverly Wilshire (from eleven P. M., to five of a morning) served up a lot of romances along with the scrambled eggs and little sausages.

Gene Raymond and Marian Nixon were so much "that way" about each other that they danced every dance together, as did the attractive Madge Evans and Tom Gallery. Marian Nixon's "ex," Eddie Hillman, was giving the rush to pretty little Mary Carlisle. Carole Lombard was there with Russ Columbo, the Countess di Frasso with Lyle Talbot, and Sylvia Sydney with B. P. Schulberg.

Others all dressed up in their best were the Freddie Marches, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, Una Merkel and Ronald Burla, Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller, Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, Fay Wray, Mary Brian, Sally Eilers, Mary Pickford, Georgie Raft, Richard Cromwell, and many others

Gary Cooper is so popular that all the stars in Hollywood want him for their pictures. The next to get him will be Marion Davies in the thrilling "Operator 13" The Loretta Young-Spencer Tracy romance goes on and on—and aren't you just crazy about them as a love team in "A Man's Castle?" And Clark Gable is now making love to Claudette Colbert in "Night Bus"

Lee Tracy's first public appearance at the Brown Derby after his little Mexican fracas called for a big demonstration, with hurrahs and backslapping.

"You're Telling Me?"



The Editor Learns a Thing or Two.

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize, and \$5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

First Prize

"WHILE the phenomenal success of such pictures as 'Lady For a Day,' 'Henry, the VIIIth,' and 'Little Women' gives hopeful signs of an upward trend in intelligence, the general run of movies remains far from brilliant. The picture-going public has too often been told that it is mentally fourteen years of age. Probably a large portion of it is just that; but it hardly seems necessary for movie-makers to turn out tripe and mush aimed deliberately at that portion. Sheer human mediocrity will account for a sufficient percentage of stupid pictures for those who want nothing better," writes J. S. H. of Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Broaden out, J. S. Joe E. Brown's cry for help in "Son of a Sailor" is the high point of soul calling to soul.

Second Prize

MRS. JOE MILLER of N. Graham St., Charlotte, N. C., writes: "'Little Women' played here to a packed house for an entire week. It was only on the last day that I was finally able to slide into a back seat in the balcony. Doesn't this prove conclusively that the general public has not lost its taste for a clean, dignified picture? Then, where do producers get the idea that it takes hot, sexy shows and suggestive titles and posters to drag us in?"

Please credit Katharine Hepburn.

Third Prize

"THREE cheers for Helen Hayes!" shouts Dorothy J. Cooley of Bingham, Me. "Wasn't she just marvelous as the wife of Clark Gable in 'Night Flight?' Didn't she act like any woman while waiting for a loved one? Running around singing, fussing about the table, and finally trying to eat. Oh! it was so pathetic when she imagined he was there eating with her. She kept getting more and more worried, and finally hysterical. Her emotions were so human and natural that it certainly tore my heart strings. Please give us more of Helen's suffering."

One order of suffering coming up.

ZaSu Pitts is our head comedienne. She holds in her gentle hands big money possibilities for the producer with the right story.

"I'VE often wondered why we haven't seen our great operas adopted for the movies, writes Marie Joby of East 50th St., New York City. "How about the glamorous Garbo as *Isolde*, irresistible Lupe Velez as *Carmen*, the alluring Joan Crawford as *Camille*, delightful Janet Gaynor as *Gretel*, and the fascinating Hepburn as *Tosca*?"

Perhaps you missed Fra Diavolo—"The Devil's Brother." It was delightful.

"THE movies educate a man in more ways than one," writes A. M. Tousley of Chestnut St., Kansas City, Mo. "They educate us to the different strata of society, how each one acts and lives. We gain the technique of studying our fellow man, and learn the qualities for good citizenship."

Now where does Mae West come in on that?

"WHY don't the producers make more pictures like 'Paddy,' 'Pilgrimage' and all that kind instead of the leggy ones?" asks Janice McGirr of Mapel Hts., New Lexington, Ohio. "They'll find out that they will get more business."

You're partly right. The three great successes of 1933 were "42nd Street," Mae West and "Little Women."

FRANCIS L. BRYANT of East Broadway, Enid, Okla., writes: "I saw a picture where Elissa Landi and Warner Baxter were dancing at a night club. They appeared to be walking rather than dancing, in the same spot, and in a circle. I ask you is that the way to dance? Or, is it just that I don't know how?"

On and on, and not getting anywhere—it must have been symbolism or the Dance on the Grindstone.

"CAN'T something be done to keep Greta Garbo single?" asks Grace H. Framp-ton of Locust Street, Charlottesville, Va.

"She is our most romantic artist, but the day she marries she will lose much of that romantic appeal to many of her most devoted fans."

We forbid the banns!

"THE saying that 'History Is Bunk' may be justly applied to the misrepresentation of 'Cavalcade,' wherein Noel Coward has laboured to portray the people of the England that is passed in a totally false light, writes Barbara Fletcher of Dickson Road, Blackpool, England. "'Cavalcade' is unreal. This unreality is due to the crowding together and undue prominence of national events, which exclude the normal private life of the Marriotts."

Noel Coward, a prophet without 'onor on 'igh 'oburn 'ill.

"A GOOD looking actor would make just as good a cover for Silver Screen as an actress," writes Dan Newberry of Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

It was tried years ago, but that was before men were so handsome as now.

"GRETA GARBO probably is a great actress, but all this ballyhoo about her mysterious silence gives me a pain," writes Dorothy Griffin of Tehachapi, Calif. "If it isn't the 'Real Life of Garbo' today it is 'The New Garbo' tomorrow or 'The Only True Story of Greta Garbo' or something."

Then you ups and writes a letter about her. Tsch-Tsch!

"THERE were no dramatic scenes nor extravagant settings—it was a story that could happen to you or me," writes Ann North of Dixie, La., of a Helen Hayes picture.

Ah, the story possibilities in you and me!

"NOW that the United States has finally recognized Russia, I suppose that the producers will be doing a 'Reel Rushin' Business.' All right! A few Soviet pictures will be interesting," writes Ruth King of Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.

Or the Chauve Souris. Wonderful!

Now see all these Warner Bros.
stars in one glorious picture....

AL JOLSON KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL DOLORES DEL RIO
FIFI D'ORSAY RICARDO CORTEZ
GUY KIBBEE HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY ROBERT BARRAT
Merna Kennedy HENRY KOLKER

in
**"WONDER
BAR"**

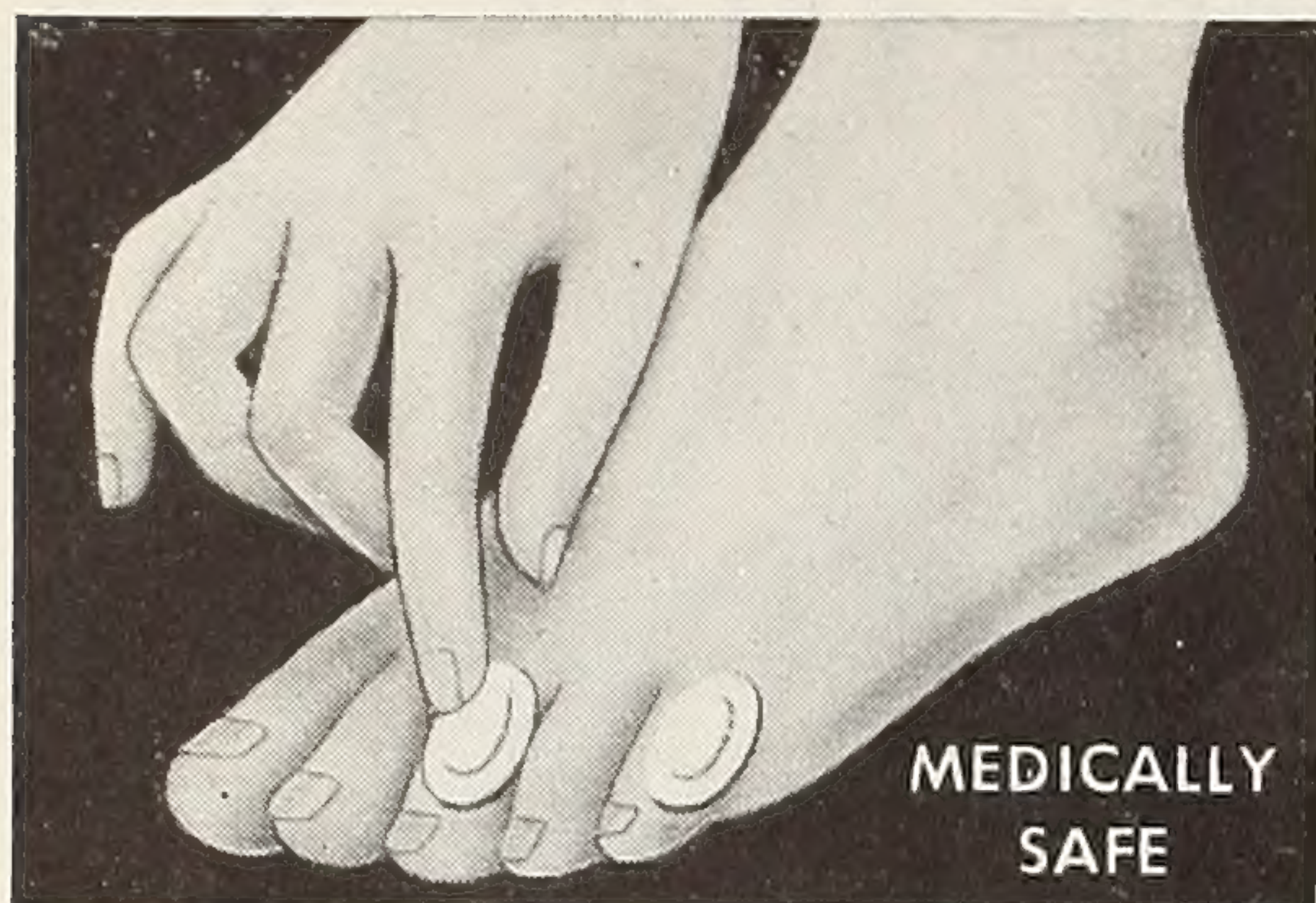
As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly *different* conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

From
the Directors of
"Footlight Parade"—
LLOYD BACON and
dance numbers cre-
ated and directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY

5
Brilliant New Songs
by "42nd Street's"
Famous Composers—
AL DUBIN and
HARRY WARREN
A First Nat'l Picture

Corns

SORE TOES
CALLOUSES—BUNIONS



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Get the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore heels; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

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OVERTURES



TO BEAUTY

"Is that so!" says Constance Cummings, "what's wrong with this number?"

By Mary Lee

THE indoor beauty season is on! Too many of us are prone to let our skins go during the summer, because they naturally look better then, what with a becoming tan, and plenty of tennis, and swimming to keep the circulation all stirred up and *alive*!

But, oh dear, in the winter! We're faded, and we look pasty. We find that summer make-up looks a bit garish. If we're out-of-doors much, our skins get chapped and flaky. If we stay indoors, the steam heat dries our skin out, and makes our hands and face itch like anything. Even our hair seems to lose its life and lustre. And all this comes just when we want to look our best for the social season!

Constance Cummings, who came back from England not very long ago, says she realizes now why it is that English women really have the most perfect complexions in the world. Over there the air is always moist and soft, both indoors and out, for steam-heated houses and apartments are not as common as they are here. Naturally, English women are not troubled with "dry skins" such as we are in this country.

Constance took great care to protect her skin from the change of cli-

mate and air when she returned. She stocked up her beauty shelf, as I am advising you to do, and went

to work to retain her lovely complexion.

Of course, you can't depend entirely on what comes out of a cosmetic jar or beauty shop to do the trick. You must work out a complete beauty regimen. Drink lots of water first of all, for the old system needs plenty of that during the winter. Take lots of exercise, in the fresh air, or in front of an open window, if that's the best you can do about it. Be sure to use only a mild soap for cleansing, and be sure to rinse it off thoroughly. Then follow with a gentle cleansing cream to complete the job.

These cold bleak days also demand that you use a protective finish under your make-up, before going out. Dorothy Gray makes an excellent one, in tones to match your skin. Jane Cloud, the creator of a new line of creams and cosmetics, also has one that she calls her "Cream Before

Make-up." It disappears quickly into the skin, without leaving it greasy at all, and it holds the powder beautifully, without caking it.

Incidentally, if you use astringents, be sure that

Be Beautiful. Summon
Modern Science to
Your Aid.

[Continued on page 55]

THEY CRASH THE BEAUTY RACKET TO SEE WHAT MAKES "IT" GO!



BERT
WHEELER

ROBERT
WOOLSEY

loose again in

"HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY"

with

RUTH ETTING · THELMA TODD · DOROTHY LEE

The funniest pair on the screen
in a musical girly-go-round...
Taking the curves with howling
delight at sixty laughs a minute!

Music, Lyrics and Screen Play by Harry Ruby
and Bert Kalmar · Directed by Mark Sandrich
RKO RADIO PICTURE

MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer

Every song
a tune to
whistle!



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Glogged
Pores
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Just cleanse your skin well twice daily with the pure, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap. Rinse thoroughly, pat dry, and generously apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the broken out, smarting places. Then see how quickly the irritation is relieved and the skin becomes clearer, smoother and finer.

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REVIEWS

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

Clark Gable doesn't need the rifle—the movie critics are all very friendly. Claudette Colbert is to be in his arms next, in "Night Bus."



AS HUSBANDS GO—Charming. (Fox) Lavish settings are provided for this domestic comedy, the chief protagonists being Helen Vinson, Warner Baxter, Warner Oland.

BLOOD MONEY—Good. (UA) A jaded society girl out for a thrill—a prominent underworld character willing to give it to her! Melodrama featuring Geo. Bancroft, Frances Dee, Judith Anderson.

BOWERY, THE—Very Entertaining. (20th Cent.) Wally Beery, Geo. Raft and Jackie Cooper strutting gaily through a yarn of the Gay Nineties, in which a spade is called a spade, if you get what we mean.

BY APPOINTMENT—Fair. (Chest.) A quadrangle affair instead of the familiar triangle—but we can't say "the more the merrier." (Lew Cody, Sally O'Neil).

CARNIVAL LADY—Fine. (Goldsmith) Staged in an authentic carnival setting, this has action, drama and good acting to recommend it. (Boots Mallory, Allan Vincent, Donald Kerr).

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Good. (B. I.) Our own Constance Cummings, more charming than ever, having top-spot in a comedy made in England.

CHIEF, THE—Fair. (MGM) If Ed Wynn is one of your favorites, you'll like this. Dorothy Mackaill makes a comeback in it.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN—Fine. (MGM) Marie Dressler dominates in this satire on greed laid in drab New England. Lionel Barrymore plays opposite.

COLLEGE COACH—Splendid. (WB) No yawns while you watch this football picture which visualizes the sport as a racket, not a game. (Pat O'Brien, Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak.)

CRADLE SONG—Very beautiful. (Par) Poignant story of a nun whose longing for motherhood is vicariously gratified. (Dorothy Wieck).

DAY OF RECKONING—Good. (MGM) A domestic embroilment, with a melodramatic twist, featuring Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Stuart Erwin.

DESIGN FOR LIVING—Highly sophisticated (Par) A diverting comedy about three charming people who vary the "conventional code" to suit themselves. (Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Gary Cooper).

DINNER AT EIGHT—Superb. (MGM) Don't bother about the food. It's the impressive cast that counts. And what a story! If you miss this, you're crazy. (Dressler, Harlow, the Barrymores, Beery, Evans, Billie Burke).

DUCK SOUP—Amusing (Par) There's no use relating the "plot" of a Marx Brothers' film. For those who like the pranks of these four "lads" the fun is fast and furious.

EAT 'EM ALIVE—A Thriller—Harold Austin takes us to the desert and shows us actual conflicts between various species of reptiles.

EMPEROR JONES—Excellent. (UA) Eugene O'Neill's magnificent character study of a negro porter who becomes ruler of a Caribbean island. Paul Robeson, the famous singer, is perfect in the title role.

ESKIMO—Unusual. (MGM) Director Van Dyke takes the bows for this fascinating story filmed in the Arctic with native talent. Malo (the lead) is certainly destined for "matinee-idol raves."

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Charming. If you are partial to exquisite scenery and tender melodies, see this foreign film starring Jan Kiepura, the tenor so effective in "Be Mine Tonight."

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Good. (WB) Learn how the police solves its murder mysteries! The details are authentic—the plot romantically embroidered. (Margaret Lindsay, Geo. Brent, Eugene Pallette).

FRONTIER MARSHALL, THE—Good. (Fox) A George O'Brien western that is way above average. (Geo. E. Stone, Ruth Gillette, Berton Churchill).

FOOTLIGHT PARADE—Splendid. (WB) Greet our old pal Jimmy Cagney in a high-powered musical extravaganza—along with Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell.

GOLDEN HARVEST—Fine. (Par) The title isn't symbolic—it's really a story of the soil, and a mighty interesting one at that. (Chester Morris, Dick Arlen, Julie Hayden, Genevieve Tobin).

GHOUL, THE—Fantastic. (Brit. Gaumont) A horror film starring Boris Karloff. Will prove fascinating to those who love odd mysteries.

HAVANA WIDOWS—Amusing. (WB) Guy Kibbee as the millionaire victim of such attractive grafters as Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Good. (Par) Another romance of the water-front—with Dick Arlen as the cynical captain with a heart of purest gold.

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Fair. (Progressive) If you like romance modelled on the "from rags to riches" variety, this is down your line. (Lilian Bond, Theodore Von Eltz).

HOLD THE PRESS—Only Fair. (U) Tim McCoy lays aside his sombrero for the fedora of a pseudo detective-newspaperman.

HOOPLA—Good. (Fox) Clara Bow as the hot-cha circus dancer who falls in love with the tough barker's naive young son (Dick Cromwell).

HORSE PLAY—Fairly Amusing. (U) Slim Summerville, Andy Devine and Leila Hyams in a film that takes us from a Montana ranch to a London drawing room.

HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Splendid. (WB) A stirring society-drama that will repay you for deserting the radio. (Kay Francis, Gene Raymond).

I'M NO ANGEL—Grand Fun. (Par) After "She Done Him Wrong" Mae West needs no recommendation. She's her own best advertisement!

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Fine. (U) An enthralling film about a scientist who makes himself invisible. If you enjoy the bizarre, don't miss this tale by H. G. Wells. (Claude Rains, Gloria Stuart).

KING FOR A NIGHT—Good. (U) The tragic story of a minister's son who becomes a prizefighter. (Ches. Morris, Alice White, Helen Twelvetrees).

LADIES MUST LIVE—Just Fair. (U) June Knight is given a chance to sing and dance in this story of a Broadway showgirl. Neil Hamilton in cast.

LONE COWBOY—Fair. (Par) Send the children to see this Western—Jackie Cooper has the leading role. Lila Lee and John Wray in cast.

MAN'S CASTLE, A—Very lovely. (Col) A shack on the waterfront is Spencer Tracy's "castle," and to it he brings homeless Loretta Young. But that's only the beginning . . .

MAN OF SENTIMENT—Fair. (F.D.) Marion Marsh, Bill Bakewell and Owen Moore in a three-cornered love affair which ends happily.

MASTER OF MEN—Good. (Col) Jack Holt as the dominating influence of the steel industry. Watch his swift rise and swifter fall! In cast, Walter Connolly and Fay Wray.

MIDNIGHT—Fine. (U) A unique murder-mystery drama, cleverly directed and acted. Cast includes Sidney Fox, O. P. Heggie, Henry Hull.

MY LIPS BETRAY—Good. (Fox) Ah! A mythical kingdom romance! With the foreign importation, Lilian Harvey—and John Boles donning a uniform for the occasion. There's music, too.

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Slapstick comedy. (Fox) El Brendel as a goofy janitor and Walter Catlett as a perennial drunk furnish many amusing situations.

ONE YEAR LATER—Exciting. (Allied) A dramatic idea, handled with a novel twist, the setting a fast-moving train. Good cast includes Mary Brian, Russell Hopton, Donald Dilloway.

ONLY YESTERDAY—Splendid. (U) An unforgettable love story, exquisitely directed and acted. (Margaret Sullivan, John Boles, Billie Burke).

PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY 8th—Superb. (UA) Don't miss this! Chas. Laughton makes the much-married king a vital, living person, to be remembered long after your history-book idea of Henry has faded from your memory.

PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE—Excellent. (MGM) One of the most entertaining films of the season. Fine cast includes Myrna Loy, Max Baer, Otto Kruger, Walter Huston.

ROMAN SCANDALS—Excellent. (UA) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale).

SHIP OF WANTED MEN—Good. (Screencraft) With a peaceful Pacific island looming just ahead, chivalry towards a casual refugee leads these men back to port and unmerited arrest. (Fred Kohler, Dorothy Sebastian).

SITTING PRETTY—Fine. (Par) Jack Oakie and Jack Haley (of the stage) make a swell comedy team in this very entertaining musical. Ginger Rogers and Thelma Todd as the gals who lead them astray.

SON OF A SAILOR—Amusing. (WB) Hilarious film with Joe E. Brown as the mirth-provoking sailor. With him are Jean Muir, Thelma Todd.

SONS OF THE DESERT—Fine. (M-G-M) A field day for all good Laurel-Hardy fans. And those who prefer the antics of Charlie Chase will not be disappointed, for he's among "those present."

TAKE A CHANCE—Good. (Par) A popular Broadway musical turned into a moderately entertaining film. (June Knight, James Dunn, Buddy Rogers).

WAR ON THE RANGE—Good. (Mon) Little boys will love this Tom Tyler Western—and adults who are in the "mood" may have a good time also.

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Fine. (Par) It's always great fun traipsing the Parisian Boulevards with Chevalier—even though this story somewhat dims his usual sparkle. Ann Dvorak has feminine lead.

WHITE WOMAN—Fair. (Par) Even Chas. Laughton couldn't lift this story of the tropics above the average. Carole Lombard as the lady who suffers picturesquely.

WORLD CHANGES, THE—Extremely interesting. (WB) An American "Cavalcade" beautifully portrayed by Paul Muni, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee.

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS—Fair. (Fox) A continental comedy, not so naughty as it sounds—but it has its moments. (Benita Hume, Adolphe Menjou).

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Fine. (B.I) Filmed in England by Monty Banks, an American, and featuring Thelma Todd (another American) and Stanley Lupino, this musical has haunting tunes and beaucoup comedy.

When "Going Hollywood" was previewed, Bing Crosby got the big applause. Few realize what a compliment that is to the fairness of Marion Davies, the star of this picture. In November, Silver Screen printed Walter Wanger's brilliant forecast that Bing would crash through!



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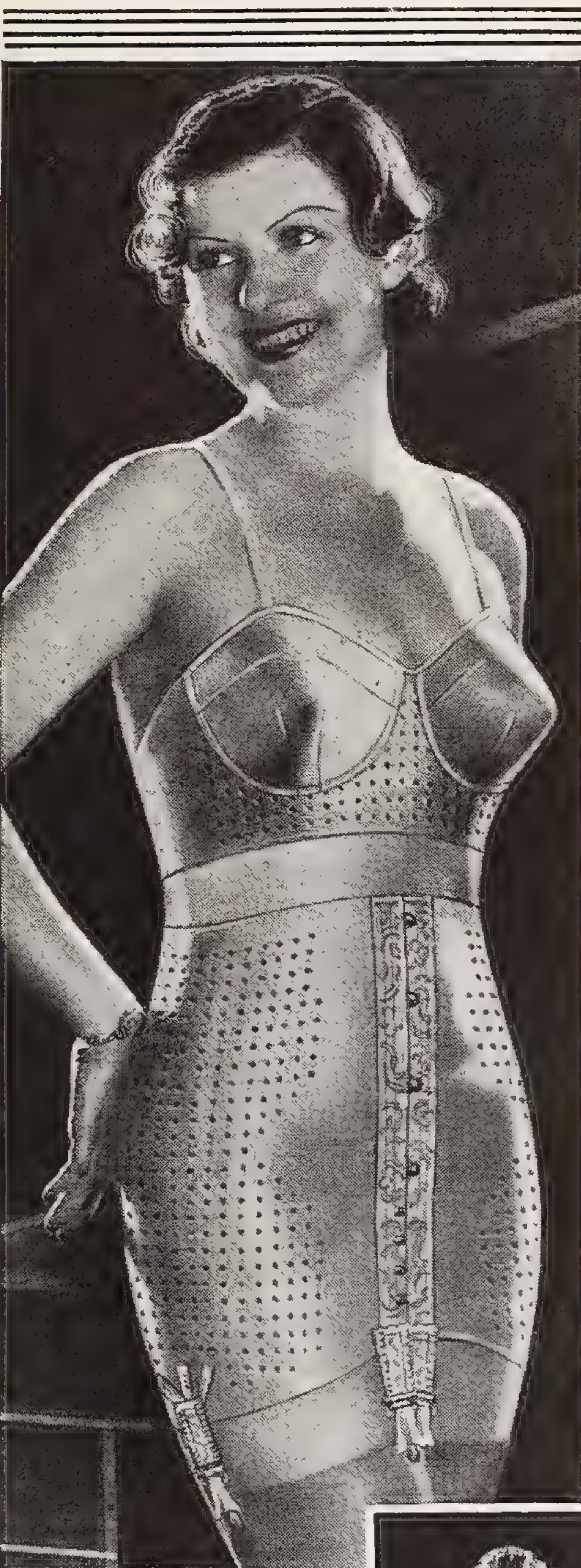
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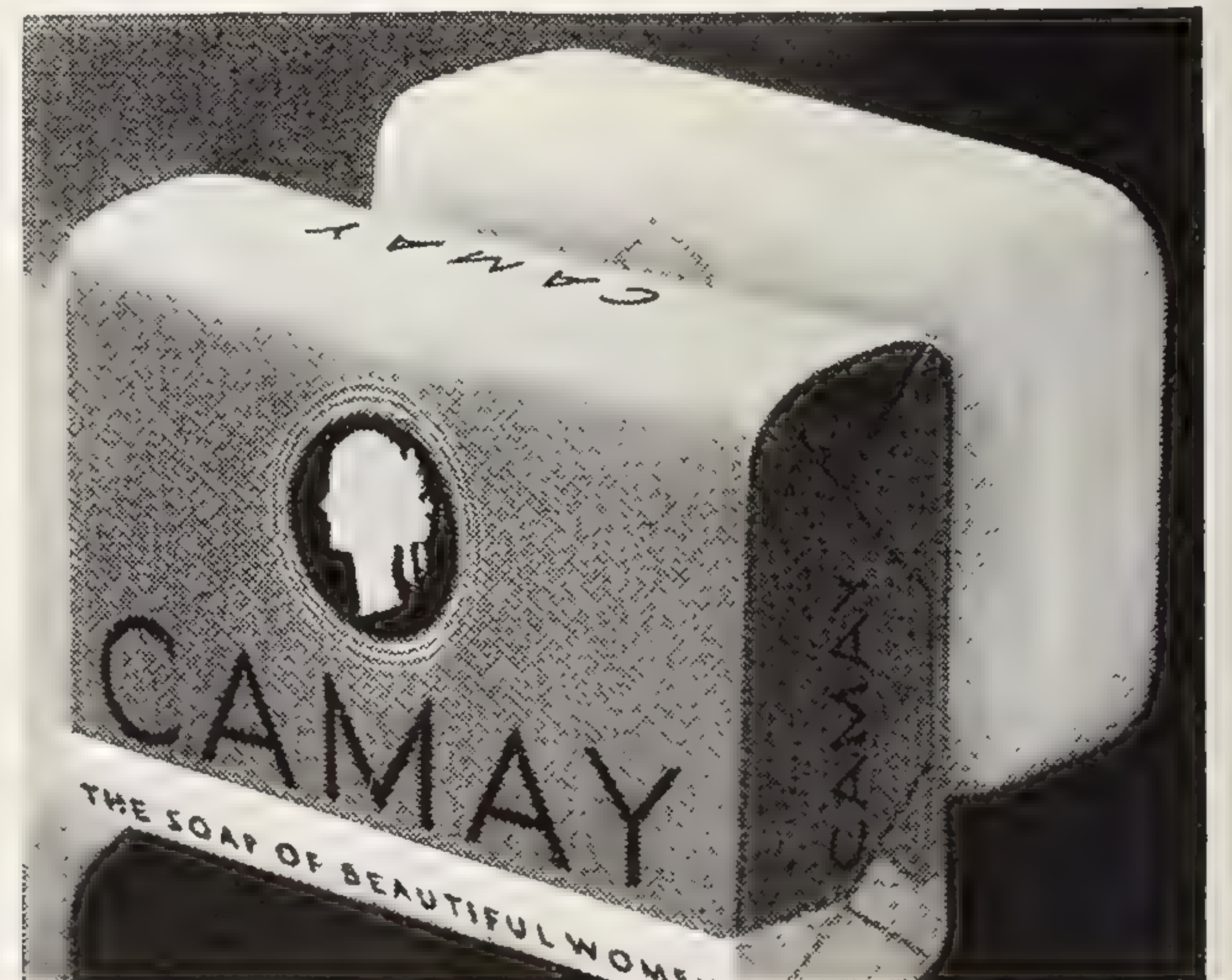
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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

SILVER SCREEN

*Rumors are the Ripples
When a New Star Rises
From the Hollywood Sea.*

Topics for Gossips

IS JIM TIMONY, Mae West's manager, going Hollywood? He has been wearing nothing but derbies ever since he came to Hollywood, and suddenly he bursts forth on the Eve of Thanksgiving in a lovely brown felt with a snap brim—no less. He admits it's the first he ever possessed. Which brings to mind that old crack Walter Winchell once made about Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton. Has Mae West's success gone to Jim Timony's head?

THE whole Paramount studio was in a great uproar the other day. Some one even laughed on the von Sternberg set! The Marx Brothers up to a new prank? No—Baby LeRoy (whose vocabulary is still practically zero) had just said to his director: "I'm mad." And was Paramount proud. They'll probably start a "Bright Sayings of Children" department as soon as LeRoy learns a few more words.

CONNIE BENNETT and her Marquis are seen everywhere together again—and those old meanies who said Hank would never come back after his last trip to Paris are having to eat their words.

JEAN PARKER, whom you'll always remember as "Beth" in "Little Women," claims she has never been in a beauty parlor but once in her life.

MARLENE DIETRICH has a weakness for tuberose and for bright-colored sports scarfs. She has fifty of these sports scarfs, all purchased in Paris last fall.

WITH the recent epidemic of secret elopements and "yumping off to Yuma," all the Hollywood columnists got as nervous as a setting hen. They didn't want to be "scooped" by their fellow reporters on any of these movie marriages, so they simply made life miserable for the stars under suspicion. Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were reported married, or about to be married, dozens of times—and the same with Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. But it was Madge Evans who really came in for most of the hounding—one columnist even going so far as to announce the wedding date for the following month. But the little item that amused Madge most of all appeared in the "low-down" column of a local trade paper. It said, "It wouldn't surprise us at all if Madge Evans and Tom Gallery had been married for some time."



Rochelle Hudson is with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch." Emily Skitch (Rochelle) leads Romance a merry chase as the family flivver bumps across the country. It's all a part of this trans-continental picture cycle.

To which paper Madge immediately sent a wire: "Maybe it wouldn't surprise you, but it would certainly surprise me."

AND Bill Cagney reports that he didn't even know there was such a person as Boots Mallory alive until he read in the papers several times that he was engaged to her. So he thought he had better look into the matter, especially as he has plenty of the Cagney curiosity. And, bless your soul, one look at Boots and Master Bill knew he would never be happy until she became the Missus. So "those whom the gossip columns have joined together let no man set asunder . . ."

BECAUSE he has a bad memory for telephone numbers, Joel McCrea spent the most hectic hour of his life one afternoon recently, and almost had his first quarrel with Frances Dee. Just within the short space of sixty minutes he lost his temper, was pinched three times for speeding, and had to do a lot of explaining to his bride. And it all happened because, like all Hollywood actors, he changed his telephone number and forgot to remember it. "This is Joel McCrea speaking," he told the information operator. "I've forgotten my new phone number. Will you please

tell me what it is?"

"Mr. McCrea has an unlisted number and I'm not permitted to give it out," the operator demurred. "Besides, dearie, that's an old gag. You'd better think up another one if you want to get McCrea's number."

Banging down the receiver, and uttering he-man invectives, Joel jumped in his car, and dashed for home. But on Sunset Boulevard, which is carefully patrolled, Joel was stopped three times by traffic cops, who insisted upon writing out three little slips of paper inviting him to give a personal appearance at the Los Angeles Court House.

Seeing red, feeling blue, and in a black

mood, Joel eventually arrived home.

"I just came home to tell you I can't come home," he growled at Frances Dee. "I have to work at the studio. And what the — is the — number of our telephone?"

FIFI DORSAY finds herself, these days, in a terrible predicament. Her marriage to Maurice Hill has been announced at least six times, and every time Fifi has had to call it off on account of work.

"I have the man—I have the license—I have the ring," says Fifi, "but I haven't the time."

Sounds like a song to us.

BEFORE she left for New York, Katharine Hepburn gave every member of the "Trigger" cast a present—something to remember her by. From the lowliest prop boy to the featured players, no one was overlooked. One of the most appreciative recipients was the cat who steals a lot of Hepburn's scenes in the picture. Madame Tabby got a big box of catnip.

NEVER bet with an Albertina Rasch girl! Before one of the big games in Los Angeles, Bing Crosby made three five-dollar-bets with three of the Albertina Rasch ballet girls, who are now tripping it at the Metro studio. The girls all lost and Bing won, and he arrived at the studio on Monday to collect his fifteen dollars. But there were about thirty girls on the set who all looked just alike. Bing inquired of each about his five bucks—but not one of the gals admitted to ever hearing about five dollars, a football game or Bing Crosby!

[Continued on page 47]

The FOUR Big Shots

By
Patricia
Keats

Katharine Hepburn at work on location, making "Trigger" for RKO. She is rated the greatest star in pictures.



BOOM! Boom! Boom! Boom! The four big shots of Hollywood. Katy and Janet and Marie and Mae. They can pack any movie house any day—even though it has two balconies, a crooner and a draft. They can break *any* theatre records *any old time*—even those of Garbo, Sally Rand and "Abie's Irish Rose." They can take dainty little weekly grosses of ten and twenty thousands, and with a roll of the dice make them into great big voluptuous record-breaking grosses of \$118,000

At M-G-M there are many stars, but none so popular as Marie Dressler.

(which is just what Katharine Hepburn did in "Little Women" during its first week at the New York Radio City Music Hall). They can take a theatre where the patrons are accustomed to a plush seat for themselves and another for their packages, and quiet enough to enable them to catch up on their

They "Gross" the
Most at the Box
Office.

OF

Hollywood

Mae West is the
record breaker
of Paramount.

is that they all belong to different studios. Which is very lucky for the studios. Can you imagine those four girls all on the same lot and demanding the best dressing rooms, the biggest banquets and the boldest type? Fortunately each studio has its queen bee—and each is pretty darned certain that little queenie isn't going to flit over to any neighboring honey-pots. She's kept in clover—she is.

It isn't any secret that the movie industry has become one of the best little dividend passer-uppers you ever saw these last few years. People didn't go to the movies, so the movies naturally couldn't make any money. Things were in a bad way. Every few months an efficiency expert was sent out to Hollywood from New York, who guaranteed to have things booming in no time at all. He'd fire an office boy, a couple of file clerks, and six stenographers, and hire a dozen cops to insult people. But even that didn't seem to do any good. The studios continued to lose money. Of course, Fox and Metro knew what to do when things got the blackest—they'd up and release another Gaynor or Dressler picture, and sit back and say "Ha Ha" while poor old Paramount and Radio bit their finger nails. Then Mae decided to go West for the ride and a trifling sum, and Katharine Hepburn decided in favor of over-alls and knitted caps and Hollywood—and Paramount and Radio had the good sense to grab the gals for the next dance.

So that's how it is. Mae West carries Paramount on her ample—er—shoulders. Katharine Hepburn keeps the bookkeeping department buying black ink at Radio. Marie Dressler is a name to conjure with at Metro. And Janet Gaynor is the one star on the Fox lot who can pack a theatre with her name. Those four have the magic "draw." It doesn't mean a thing if you ain't got that "draw." Now doesn't it seem a bit queerish to you that the four most popular stars in Hollywood are as different as Baby LeRoy and May Robson? Not one of them is the least bit like the other—and still they represent what we, the public, want in our picture stars. Can you imagine Janet's surprise at finding herself in the same club with sexy Mae? Why those girls haven't a thing in common—not even ample—er—shoulders. And I don't believe that the very crisp and modern Katharine and the very homey Marie are very clubby either.

But there they are. Kate and Janet and Marie and Mae. Each unique, successful, popular and incomparable.

Katharine Hepburn, who's gilding the lily for Radio now, is really not a personality, but an actress—which makes her unique—though La Hepburn helps herself plentifully to a lot of the old publicity stunts that made Garbo, Dietrich and Connie Bennett famous. She knows better than to "just be yourself," which makes the dulllest kind of copy. So, for the sake of newspapers and magazines which crave the colorful and the bizarre, Katy struts around in despondent overalls, and in funny knitted caps that look like something the hired girl made for the soldiers during the war, reads her mail on the bumper of her car, and serves tea on the curbstone in front [Continued on page 57]

Janet Gaynor
has made sure-
fire pictures for
Fox for years.

back sleep, and suddenly change it into a roaring, seething maelstrom which greatly resembles homing time on the Bronx subway. They can command a standing line which,

if all the stand-ees were put end to end, would resemble another Bus Berkeley dance ensemble. Name it—and they can do it. That's Katy and Janet and Marie and Mae.

Now a very interesting fact about Hollywood's four big shots

The GIRL WHO WAS

Mary Pickford, her marital troubles settled and divorce proceedings begun, may now resume her brilliant career.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

AMERICA'S Sweetheart. That was what they called her. And it was true.

We have had many sweethearts. However, the style in sweethearts has changed, along with other styles. We have grown sophisticated, and it is the fashion to be hard-boiled. We have painted our fingernails red, tea-time has become cocktail time and every one discusses sex appeal pro and con.

But somewhere in the heart of America there is and there always will be that first sweetheart of ours, with her golden curls and her smile and her tomboy-little-girl-grownup ways.

Somewhere in the heart of America Mary Pickford remains the sweetheart of our youth and of our happiest, gayest, sanest years. There is a place in memory, fragrant with violets, silvery with moonlight, melodious with love songs—and it is sacred to her.

There isn't one of us, old or young, happy or heartbroken, who hasn't hidden down deep a memory that is more tender than all other memories. Something that remains untouched by the storms and experiences of life, that defies discouragement and ugliness and cynicism. Sometimes it's only a day old, or even an hour, and sometimes its buried beneath the sands of many years. But whenever and however it came, it was the moment when we touched true romance for the first time.

To millions Mary Pickford was the symbol of all that romance meant.

Maybe, you, who read, are too young to remember the days when Our Mary was America's Sweetheart, even though it is such a little while ago. Time sweeps by upon such swift pinions. But it doesn't matter.

Our Mary as she is today — beautiful, wise and charming.



For you can walk with me in the garden of that exquisite memory and know the loveliest thing that the motion picture ever gave to the world—and that was the love the world bore Mary Pickford. It is something you should know. It is a part of life that you shouldn't altogether miss.

Mary was the only screen idol I ever had.

Oh, I grant you the new, the great, the magnificent and brilliant stars of today.

I am fascinated by Garbo and swept off my feet by the genius of Hepburn. I, too, roar with laughter over Mae West, and thrill to the platinum blonde beauty and vivid acting of Jean Harlow.

the FIRST MOVIE STAR

She is one of the
Six Greatest Women
of Hollywood.



"Tess of the Storm Country" was
Mary Pickford's greatest hit.



With Director Sam Taylor and Johnny
Mack Brown in "Coquette," a talking
picture.

In "Daddy Long Legs," with Wes-
ley Barry, Mary Pickford became
America's Sweetheart.

But I tell you that not one of them can compare to Mary Pickford in her prime. Not one of them has ever approached the place that Mary held in the good old days.

For, you see, we *loved* Mary.

I do not think any star since has been sincerely loved by her public.

The whole world loved Mary Pickford. She wasn't a screen star. She wasn't a motion picture idol. She wasn't some distant, exciting glamorous figure that stirred admiration. She was something quite different. She was real and she belonged to us. We never thought of her "behind the scenes." We never thought of her as an actress playing a part and winning our admiration for some fine performance.

She was a real person, and we laughed and cried and loved and suffered with her through a hundred tales.

Talmadge to Norma Shearer.

Most of them I have known well—all of them I have known a little.

Yet no one but Mary has ever given me that quick sweep of emotion. Not even Marie Dressler—because, after all, Marie isn't *little*.

And as I look back over that panorama of the screen and of Hollywood, with its amazing growth, its ever-developing art, its wonderful productions, its vast cathedral-like theatres, and its geniuses, the only thing I find that you can't replace—that isn't better today than it was in the yesteryears—is the something that Mary Pickford gave us, the way we, as fans, felt about Mary.

[Continued on next page]



Acme

At the Brown Derby in Hollywood. Irving Pichel, Isabel Jewell and the irrepressible Lee Tracy. His Mexican adventure fitted in so perfectly with his screen character that he was promptly forgiven by the fans.

If you missed Mary in "Stella Maris" or in "Daddy Long-Legs"—it is something you can't duplicate. If you remember her, it is something you treasure always.

All the other places have been filled. But not Mary's. There isn't a throne any more—or if there is, there are too many claimants. Mary ruled alone. There wasn't a dissenting voice.

Why did the world love Mary?

Because that love was so unusual and vital a thing, I have thought about it a great deal. It must mean something, when a young girl can arouse an emotion like that all over the universe.

Sometimes I used to think it was because she was so little and so pretty and her curls were so lovely. She was the fairy princess out of our fairy tales. She came forth from between the covers of the green-and-gold book we treasured. She was Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty.

But I know now that it was more than that.

You may or may not know that Mary Pickford had the only camera-perfect face that has ever been in pictures. That is true. Ask any cameraman. You could photograph her from any angle, by any lights, in any make-up—and it was impossible to get a bad shot of her. And while it wouldn't be polite to go into details here, that is a long, long way from the fact about most of our great stars.

A great art critic once said that Mary's face, in line and modelling, was the replica of all the angels and all the madonnas you will find in the great and immortal paintings of the world. It is the Botticelli angel. It is the Raphael madonna. And hidden in the soul of the world there is always a yearning for goodness and sweetness and purity in women. I don't care how far afield we go, how our fashions change, how we laugh over bawdiness and admire sophistication, the ideal that has dominated the history of the world persists. The pendulum swings wide sometimes, but it always hits the true middle during its swing.

In my life I have known many women—good and bad. I have never known a really good woman who wasn't beloved by all who knew her. That's the truth, and if you will think for a moment you will know it is so.

That is why the world loved Mary as it has never loved any other screen star; because she seemed the embodiment of that goodness upon the screen. That is why no one else has ever taken her place.

That is the real reason why she was great.

She is the last of the six great women of Hollywood, of whom I have told you.

Peg Talmadge—who mothered the infant motion picture world. Marie Dressler—a great woman in many fields. The glamorous Garbo, who changed the fashion of a world. Dorothy Arzner, the successful director. Frances Marion, who has written more great screen stories than anyone else in the motion picture business.

And Mary Pickford—America's sweetheart.

She began life as a poor girl. Before she was ten, she was the wage earner for her adored mother and her little brother and sister. She knew quite well what it was to be hungry, to be cold. She knew what it was to walk many blocks to work on blustery, wintry days. She had no education to speak of because she was always too busy working.

By her own efforts she earned millions, and she became the greatest single power in the motion picture industry for many years. Kings and queens were glad to receive her. She acquired a deep, true culture that makes her, today, one of the most delightful women in the world.

Socially she ruled Hollywood for many years, and still rules it. An invitation to Pickfair is coveted as much as an invitation to be presented at court—and it still places the stamp of social approval upon anyone in Hollywood to be a guest at the lovely gray house on the hill.

She is and always has been a great business woman.

And no one has worked as hard for charity as Mary.

She lived one of the great love stories of modern times—the names of Mary and Doug belong with the names of the great lovers of history and were known to more people. For ten years those two lived a perpetual honeymoon.

And now?

The great and glorious past is over. That her best friend could not deny. Nor would Mary, who is as clear and honest as a brook, deny it. She is not the great star of the screen that she once was. And she and Douglas have separated; the great romance of the screen is over. In fact Mary has finally decided that a reconciliation is impossible and has filed papers for an early divorce.

What lies ahead of this great woman, who achieved so much, single-handed and alone? Still young, still beautiful, still with the finest years of life ahead of her, what will she do with them? Is her past

so great and so remembered that the future cannot measure up?

I don't know.

It seems strange that tragedy should have gathered about the golden head of America's sweetheart. It is the wrong ending for the beautiful story of her life. It is the wrong ending for her great and glorious career and for her wonderful love story. That isn't the way it should be.

Mary will never be happy without work. She has always worked. She has given her whole life to motion pictures, in one way or another. She was their queen, she belonged to them.

Do you know what I think?

I think someday, and it won't be long, that Mary Pickford will once more be loved by the whole world. I do not believe that the woman who could so awaken love in the hearts of millions, the woman who meant so much that was fine and beautiful, the woman who alone can never be replaced, will be allowed to waste all that genius.

Today she is upon the middle ground and she has not yet found herself. The Mary Pickford of the curls, the Mary Pickford who was America's sweetheart, is still too vivid in our memory—and perhaps in hers. We cannot and she cannot accept anything else now. We remember only how wonderful and how lovely she was with the long golden curls, when she was a fairy-tale princess. And she herself is too close to her own greatness to change even if we would let her.

But the time will come when the name of Mary Pickford will blaze across the heavens in undimmed splendor, when we shall know once more that breathless love which she alone made us feel.

She will find herself. She is a great artist, a great actress—and she still possesses everything that made her great. She will find stories, she will find parts, of a different age and in a different key. But she will do them as she used to do. The world will look once more on that face and, in a new and true setting, find once more the beauty and truth that were romance.

Maybe it won't be right away—and maybe it will be romance no longer. Maybe it will be something stronger, more vital. Maybe it will be motherhood. Maybe it will be years away, when she thinks, as Marie Dressler once thought, that she is through.

But somewhere, sometime, the world will once more love Mary Pickford as it did in the past. Because, after all, she is still Mary Pickford.

GLORIA STUART

*As a Sculptor's Wife She Models a Plan
for a Screen Star's Successful Married Life.*

By Jack Jamison



EDITOR'S NOTE—

"Gloria has just finished posing for one of the finest pieces of sculpture her husband, Gordon Newell, has ever turned out. We have obtained a photograph of it and reproduced it on this page. It is a beautiful panel for a door, carved of the finest hardwoods. The carving, to some extent, is conventionalized and 'modernistic.' The face, especially, has been worked into an artistic unity, and so does not particularly resemble Gloria's. But there, in Gordon's new house, immortalized in the glossy sheen of rare woods, stands Gloria's slim, lovely body.

GLORIA STUART has taught Hollywood a new way to look at marriage! As perhaps you've heard, marriage in Hollywood is a pretty shaky proposition. Few couples stay together long. To date, Hollywood has had only two viewpoints towards those broken homes. Either you broke frankly into the headlines with your divorce, and let the public think what it liked, or you kept on pretending you loved your wife or husband (for the public's sake) when really you wished he or she were in the nearest ash-can. Brazen it out, or hide it. It had to be one thing or the other.

Few stars, indeed, have actually tried to *beat* the Hollywood jinx, which decrees that marriage has little chance to last, or to figure out a workable scheme which would help them stay in love. Miriam Hopkins' companionate marriage failed, and, though it is true that Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster live apart, strong rumors have it that the reason is not any attempt to experiment, but rather, Claudette's Mamá!

Gloria and her husband are setting up two establishments, in [Continued on page 59]



Gloria Stuart is the provocation and despair of her sculptor husband.

Gordon Newell, husband of our Gloria, photographed beside the bas-relief which he sculptured from his beautiful wife.

The



There is none of the "great star" business about Dietrich. She uses only the studio hair-dresser. But it isn't very difficult to make Marlene look beautiful.



I'VE got to write a Dietrich story. And I hate to write a Dietrich story. But I've got to write a Dietrich story because I like two lumps of sugar in my coffee, fancy sports shoes and a quarter occasionally for those fascinating slot machines at the Clover Club—and because it's going to be a long hard winter with plenty of huffing and puffing. Writing about Dietrich, with a two cent vocabulary and a pocket dictionary, is like scratching your initials on the Mona Lisa with a rusty nail. Like giggling at the thrilling awe and exquisite pageantry of a New England sunset. Like spilling blackberry jam on an old and rare piece of lace.

Josef von Sternberg, who directs Dietrich, and the star herself wearing one of the Russian headdresses of the time of Catherine the Great.

I have never understood why the benches along Riverside Drive face the street, and the occupants blandly watch taxis colliding with Chevrolets all unmindful of the serene beauty and mystery of the Hudson River behind them. And I have never understood why dumb clucks write about Marlene Dietrich. There is so little beauty in this world, it

Loveliest STAR

Marlene Dietrich, in the Gorgeous Costumes of "Catherine the Great," Proves Herself the Reigning Beauty of the Screen.

By Elizabeth Wilson



Maria, the real daughter of Marlene Dietrich, makes her first screen appearance as the Princess Sophia when a child.



John Lodge, Marlene Dietrich and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from "Catherine the Great."

should not be defamed by clumsy pens—or rattly typewriters. Dietrich—beautiful, mysterious, exotic as a white orchid and as disturbing as the sensuous rhythms of the "Bole-

riage to Grand Duke Peter Feodorovitch (Sam Jaffe), grandson of Peter the Great. And that is something.

Fifteen years old, frightened but impressed at the same time, Sophia hides an old rag doll, which her mother knows nothing about, in her trunk, puts on her best clothes and her bravest smile and sets out by carriage for Russia. And it was quite a buggy ride in those days of boggy roads. But ah—the dashing Count Alexei (John Lodge) has been sent from Moscow to escort the little German princess to her future husband, and the Count has a neat figure, besides a lot of unruly hair. Quite delighted, oh yes, indeed, quite, Sophia repulses the Count's ardent love-making by expressing devoted loyalty to the Grand Duke, who has been described by the Russian envoy as the handsomest man in all Europe. Sophia's years of Prussian training stand by her now—she can't help feeling all a-glow when that fascinating Count flirts with her, but what's a Count when a handsome Grand Duke awaits her in Russia.

The princess is given a royal welcome at the Kremlin in Moscow, where such blonde loveliness has never been seen before. Her Imperial Highness, the Empress (Louise Dresser) loses no time in warning her that it is her duty to become a dutiful wife and the mother of a son, so that there may be an heir to the throne. Immediately she changes the princess' name to Catherine and the shy little German girl from Anhalt-Zerbat becomes a Grand Duchess.

But the first bitter disappointment comes when she meets the Grand Duke Peter, for instead of being the handsome youth described by the Russians, the heir to the throne is obviously imbecilic and quite revolting in appearance—in fact we may even call him a degenerate. He has only two passions in his life, his mistress (Ruthelma Stevens) and his regiment of toy soldiers. But just the same he is male enough to be extremely piqued when he notices that his young wife abhors him. Count Alexei slyly informs Catherine that her marriage with Peter need not

ro"—a subject only for poets like Edna St. Vincent Millay.

But I've got to write a Dietrich story. I'd much rather write about Jimmy Durante and string out a lot of "Hot cha chas" and "Am I mortifieds" or about Alice in Wonderland and get all tweet-tweet and Gaynorish. But the boss said Dietrich—and just because three years ago, come what may, Consolidated Gas went down instead of up it's got to be Dietrich.

As the whole world knows, Roosevelt is president and there's an NRA and Josef von Sternberg is whipping up a little something at the Paramount studios called "Catherine of Russia" as Dietrich's next starring picture. Of course you realize that unless you're queening it in Hollywood these days you can't belong to the club, and what with Catherine and Christina and Bess and Marie Antoinette romping around in whalebones and ruffles, the place is beginning to look like a hand of poker. But we like it. Briefly now, for the benefit of those who came in late, we'll skip lightly over a few of the episodes in the life of the Great Catherine, which von Sternberg has chosen to depict in his dramatic historical opus.

As a child the Princess Sophia Frederica (Marlene Dietrich's little Maria) of Anhalt-Zerbat, Germany, is denied dolls and toys

become too tedious because he will make it his business to be always near her. Good old Alexei.

Following the magnificently barbaric wedding and feast, the Empress spies upon the newlyweds in the bridal chamber and is infuriated when she learns that Catherine is determined to repulse Peter—and poor Peter, on his wedding night, has to find solace in his wooden soldiers. After that there's *in-law* trouble. Well, about a year later Catherine gives birth to a son and all Russia rejoices and rings bells and shoots cannons—all except the Grand Duke Peter and the Empress who've got a pretty good idea about the legitimacy of the youngest heir to the throne of Russia. Catherine then revives the old Russian custom of receiving loyal subjects in her boudoir—and takes a keen personal interest in the young officers of her regiments. But you've read your history books and I don't have to tell you about Katy's whimsies.

Oh, indeed, Russia was in an awful state the day I arrived on the Paramount lot bent upon getting a Dietrich story or something. I arrived in time to see a queer spectacle, so queer in fact that I began to wonder if the worst suspicions of my family were about to come true. *Not Dietrich the Glamorous in a truck!* At first I thought that it was Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine, and that silly old Paramount, with childish simplicity, had gotten its queens and history all mixed. But it seems that the costumes (twenty of them and each more grand and heavy than the other) Marlene wears in this picture are so delicate and expensive that the studio won't allow her to sweep up the sidewalks with them. Which is all right with Dietrich, for it is quite a job carrying forty pounds of something around on your back when you're used to the freedom of pants. So every day, when she gets ready to go on the set, a low-geared cub truck, or "Minnie" as it's called by the workmen, backs up to the curb and the exotic Marlene becomes a truck-load. But what a pretty sight it is when the seventy-five yards of ruffles begin to ruffle in the breeze.

Stage nine on the Paramount lot, where the Empress is throwing a party for the express purpose of humiliating the young Grand Duchess Catherine, is as silent as the tombs. Wan figures in satin and muffs and jewels and green boots sit around on the Kremlin stairs or the uncomfortable pews of the Cathedral—strange gaunt apostolic figures—never making a sound, hardly breathing it seemed. I immediately decided I had walked past a red light and onto a stage where a scene was being taken—but no—it was only a rehearsal. But so quiet you could hear the proverbial pin drop way over there behind Marlene's dressing table. This is the only place in Hollywood where you can find such a startling phenomena. Usually on sets, when scenes are not actually being taken, the workmen are hammering away, the prop boys running here and there, the phone ringing, soundmen shouting, maids and valets giggling and drinking coca colas, and extras playing cards or visiting each other. But not on von Sternberg sets. His rehearsal is as quiet as his "take." He wants to keep the atmosphere of his picture and, believe me, he certainly keeps it. Huddled up in a studio chair I felt all the barbaric splendor, religious fervor and drafts of old Russia. And was quite sure that if I so much as sneezed or coughed I'd be banished at once to darkest Siberia. But that's the way von Sternberg works—and it is a very effective way, for no director in Hollywood gets atmosphere and perfect timing into his pictures so well as von Sternberg. Those gaunt and grieving apostles, who decorate the chairs and pews of the Kremlin and the Cathedral, are symbolic of eighteenth century Russia, and they give the same feeling of Fate and Destiny to "Catherine of Russia" that the drums give to "Emperor Jones." These figures—there are two hundred of them—are von Sternberg's conception, executed by Peter Ballbusch, sculptor.

But with all its deathlike quietness, it seems that a lot of fun and kidding goes on on that set. Someone painted a neat little dog-house sign, and every time anyone meets with the Master's disfavor he has to wear "I'm in the dog-house" around his neck. Bert Glennon, the cameraman, wound his wrist watch during a take one day—though you or I would never have

heard it—but it brought the ire of von Sternberg down upon his head. He was upset about it, and went around grieving for several days until someone noticed that he looked just like the grieving apostles; so now they call the apostolic chairs the Glen-nons. Monty Westmore was the next to incur the von Sternberg wrath by changing wigs when wigs shouldn't be changed. So now Monty is in the dog-house.

The minute Marlene comes on the set bleak Russia becomes warm with beauty. The hair-dressers and make-up girls simply adore her and Bert Glennon, the cameraman, worships the ground she walks on. Only last week Dietrich gave Nellie, the hair-dresser, a fur coat—the first fur coat [Continued on page 54]



When "Catherine the Great" moves across the screen few will remember that the star was once called Marlene (Legs) Dietrich.

"N.G. IN THE GARAGE BUSINESS"

By
Muriel
Babcock

*Warner Baxter Didn't Succeed
Until He Started Doing
What He Wanted To Do.*

He is sure of himself, without being the least bit cocksure.



AFTER eleven years in a small house on a side street in Los Angeles, with furniture purchased "stick by stick," Warner Baxter is building a lovely and spacious home high in the hills off the winding Beverly Boulevard that connects Hollywood and the Pacific Ocean.

It is sort of a dream house and has all those things that Warner and his wife, Winifred Bryson, have longed for.

"I hope," said Warner wistfully, as he told me about it, "that folks won't think I'm going Hollywood. And I hope," he added, his chin settling into a decisive line, "that we *won't* go Hollywood. We never have, you know. Maybe the house will get us, but I don't think so. We'll live just the way we have been living."

All of which appealed to me as an unconscious flash of the real character of the man, who has lived quietly and conservatively in Hollywood, where pomp and display are the usual thing.

Warner is as handsome off screen, as he is on. He is strong and masculine and attractive looking. He is sure of himself, without being in the least bit cocksure. He knows what he is doing and where he is heading. He has been through the mill, through the Hollywood fire, and come out—*himself*.

He's been up and down in the movies. He has been an extra and then a leading man, gone back to bit parts and risen again to star. He has made money and he has been broke.

He has been married since 1917 to Winifred Bryson, then the lovely leading lady of "Lombardi, Ltd.," now very much an invalid to whom he is devoted. They were wed, he told me, early one snowy January morning in New York. That night "Lombardi," in which they both appeared, was to open.

His best friend today is his stand-in and double, Frankie McGrath, a handsome,

rollicking daredevil. He doesn't pal much with his fellow actors away from the lot.

He loves to cook—particularly chili—but more of this later.

How does he stack up with the town and the people with whom he mingles but little? Those who know him think he's a great fellow. I happened to mention to Louella O. Parsons, famous film columnist, that I was writing a yarn on Warner.

"Oh, he's a grand person," she said. "He was in Honolulu when we were. He was so lovely to his wife. She wasn't well and he would never leave her for long. When he would go down on the beach to swim, you'd always see him look back at the hotel until he caught her eye and then wave to her. He lives at Malibu during the summer, but he never goes in for any of the social racket."

Later that evening, my telephone rang. "My husband says to tell you," came Miss
[Continued on page 61]

STAR? DIRECTOR?



STAR: Fredric March does not consider that the star is entitled to all the honor.

Scene from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," showing Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins.

HOW many of you think that a picture's success is due to the actor cast in it?

I have questioned three film people, leaders in their respective fields, and not one gives the actor the major responsibility. The *director*, they insist, makes or ruins a picture.

Fredric March, Academy Award Winner and profound thinker, claims that the director is principally responsible, the actor being secondary.

King Vidor, the director whose productions pulse with the rhythm of life, agrees with March, only he thinks that the story, too, is of primary importance; but he does not mention the actor.

Frances Marion, scenarist, who is blessed with the most brilliant feminine mind in the industry, thinks that the *little incidents*, culminating from a combination of the three—director, writer and actor—are what make a film memorable. She does not think that the actor alone is responsible for its success.

Yet it is the actor alone, according to the public mind, who

must shoulder the whole responsibility.

Let us consider some actual examples:

Many a picture is *made* through its retakes. The studios spend about four million dollars a year on revised scenes. For instance, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" fell very flat at the preview. It cost three hundred thousand dollars to remake two-thirds of the film, but it became a success and established Helen Hayes as a screen artist.

"Fire Chief" lacked humor and therefore a number of scenes were remade and improved, thus promising Ed Wynn a better reception. Almost all of the costly "March of Time" was scrapped—representing, six hundred thousand dollars. Mary Pickford remade "Secrets" at considerable expense, the first version being inferior.

"Nana," introducing Anna Sten, got off to a bad start. Sam Goldwyn called a halt. When Willard Mack read seventy-five new pages of script to the production staff, everybody cheered. With this stimulation to the story, and new members added to the cast, Miss Sten's debut is likely to turn out auspicious, after all.

"Of course," said Fredric March with a smile that was gently ironic, "it really helps to have all three—good story, competent direction, inspired acting. But Santa Claus doesn't come every day. Such a 'break' happens rarely.

"The actor is more dependent on direction than on story. A clever director can build up trite material with little, human touches. And he can evoke something out of even untrained talent, as Vidor did with 'Hallelujah.'"

Mr. March named Ernst Lubitsch, King Vidor, Lewis Milestone, Frank Lloyd, Frank Capra, John Cromwell, Rouben Mamoulian and Cecil B. DeMille as our best directors.

"Yes, DeMille!" he emphatically forestalled my objection. "He is a great director for a woman, skilled in bringing out all the nuances of feminine appeal and psychological reactions.

"Pictures should be made from blue-prints, like houses. Even 'impromptu' dinner speeches are rough-

drafted beforehand. All creation takes visual form modelled on a mental picture. Projects carried through from a basic plan succeed best. That's plain logic. Rehearsals do not stifle spontaneity. Only actors who are unsure of themselves make such a statement. You can't be convincingly spontaneous unless you have a foundation. Perfection comes only when every detail is polished down to the finest point."

For this reason Mr. March feels that the stage offers more carefully constructed stories, whereas a film plot is often a hybrid, product of many imaginations, altered as the scenes progress.

"After you see a stage play you analyze its particular psychology. But how many films stimulate your mind to such vigorous consideration?

"Films should do more than amuse you. The screen field is



AUTHOR?

Which Deserves the Credit for the Great Screen Successes?

By Myrtle Gebhard



DIRECTOR:

"A director can put over any story if he knows his business," says King Vidor.

infinitely broader, less concentrated and compact than the stage. Its greater scope of scenic latitude, its limitless panorama, the possibilities for action and the changes of costume and of background—all these assets widen its possibilities. It really should be leagues ahead in the interpretive art."

"The Royal Family of Broadway"—which March characterizes as a *specialized flash*—and "Night Flight," with its battle of the elements in a drama of the air service, he considers primarily as "ideas."

"The Sign of the Cross," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Stranger's Return" are also ideas. "Broadway to Hollywood" he calls an example of a mediocre story made entertaining by good Willard Mack direction. But this, again, is an *idea* embodying a chronological cinema of the amusement world.

In the March inventory "Morning Glory" was made enthralling because of the Hepburn genius, and he liked "Penthouse" because of its modern tempo.

"Acting," he avers, "is far more important in character rôles than in straight leads. The Romeos can get by on personality. But who knew Chaney, the man? When do we see Robinson, the man? It isn't sex appeal or any distinctly sheik-like characteristic that draws us to George Arliss and Walter Huston, Charles Laughton, Leslie Howard, James Cagney and the Brothers Barrymore. Yes, this includes *John*, because in "To-



King Vidor, the director whose "Street Scene" made several players famous—Sylvia Sidney, Beulah Bondi, David Landau. Illustration above, from "Street Scene," shows Estelle Taylor and David Landau.

paze" he waded into a character rôle that completely obliterated his own type, including his profile.

"We can't have acting and personality at one and the same time, in equal degree; balance between them is impossible. A personality *can't* be acting! You see? He is too busy being himself. When he acts, he submerges himself and adopts another's personality.

"Many people assume that a good story is 'fool-proof.' I disagree. A *good* story demands a *great* actor, whereas a poor story can be put over by a mere personality. For when a person acts, you are interested in the problems of the *character* he portrays, and not in himself, but when a personality appears, you are content to watch this idol and not care so much what it thinks or does.

"As for me—if I could choose, I would prefer to be a good actor! I couldn't be a personality, anyhow; I haven't enough romantic appeal. Besides, the actor is a technician and workman; he creates and builds.

"We have more great actors than actresses," he observed. "Too much is made of a woman's beauty. It's about time for the screen to develop thespian traditions. Stars are often too beautiful; that is enervating. We need more vital Hepburns, and less pretty posing.

"Please, no! There's danger in getting too personal," he countered my suggestion that he analyze each of our stars. "I am not a critic; my opinion is colored by my own definition of acting, which [Continued on page 58]

Frances Marion says: "To me the director is first, the story second, the actor last."



AUTHOR: Scene from Frances Marion's great picture, "Min and Bill." It made Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler more popular than ever.

STARS ON THE JOB

Studio News: A Survey of Activities All Over Hollywood.

By S. R. Mook

On the United Artists Lot

THE most pretentious set this month is one being used in "Gallant Lady," which marks Ann Harding's first starring vehicle for Twentieth Century Pictures at the U. A. Studio.

It is the exterior of a baronial castle, which was originally erected for Douglas

Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask." The set was so stupendous and so costly it was left standing. Since then it has been used in "Cock o' the Air," which starred Billie Dove and Chester Morris, and now it is serving as the locale of a convent in Italy. The moat is still there, but instead of the flagstone courtyard in front of the castle, in which the fiesta was held for "Cock o' the

Air," the whole place is covered with grass.

Sally Wyndham (Ann Harding) is in one heck of a mess. After a tragic love affair with a young aviator who is accidentally killed, she finds she is to become a mother. Rather than return home she determines to isolate herself from relatives and friends. Realizing she must make her own way in the world, she decides it will be best for her child if she places it with Phil (Otto Kruger) and Amy Lawrence (Ivy Merton), a wealthy young couple. And Sally, heart-broken, agrees never to see her child again.

She goes to work for Maria Sherwood (Janet Beecher), an interior decorator. Janet is in love with Dan Pritchard (Clive Brook) and Clive is in love with Ann. Rather than stand in the way of Janet's romance, Ann accepts an opportunity to go



Richard Barthelmess, out on location, has made "Massacre." It is a fascinating story of Indian life.



Little Dickie Moore as the son of Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady."



"Carolina" is the new title of Janet Gaynor's piece, which is the screen play from the "House of Connelly." It tells the story of Janet's charm overcoming stiff-necked prejudices and is the best picture Janet has had for a long time.

to Italy on business for the firm. She is to dismantle an old chapel on the estate of Count Mario Carminati (Tullio Carminati).

At the moment, a donkey cart is approaching. On the seat sit Carminati and the driver. In the back are a trunk and two or three suitcases. The driver is playing on some sort of stringed instrument and Carminati is singing Toselli's "Serenade." He sings it beautifully and the donkey almost breaks down. That animal has the saddest eyes I've ever seen. They approach the castle. In an archway a gnarled old tree is growing, and beyond it, on a painted backdrop, loom the mountains. The lights playing on the drop make it look as though the sun is shining on them.

The cart creaks to a stop and Carminati hops off, still singing. Then he sees Ann standing in the door of the chapel.

"Ah, Madonna!" Carminati breathes gallantly.

"It's only me," Ann smiles. *Well!* I must say, Miss Harding. After all the talk of your intelligence and literary ability, I should think you would use correct English and say "It's only I."

Carminati, being a foreigner, doesn't notice it (but *I* did) and also being conceited, ignores her modesty and continues: "Did you hear my song?"

But Ann can also ignore. "Do Italians ever take life seriously?" she parries.

"Why?" he asks, shrugging his shoulders as though there were nothing else to do.

"You're the laziest people on earth," Ann vows, "and the most delightful. Tell me, what is the name of the song you were singing."

"It is Toselli's Serenade. It is a sad song about a little girl who had no time for play. Finally she became an old dried-up woman, and she blew away without knowing love."

"All your songs are about the same thing, I believe," Ann comments.

"Why not?" he demands. "What is there to life but love and play?"

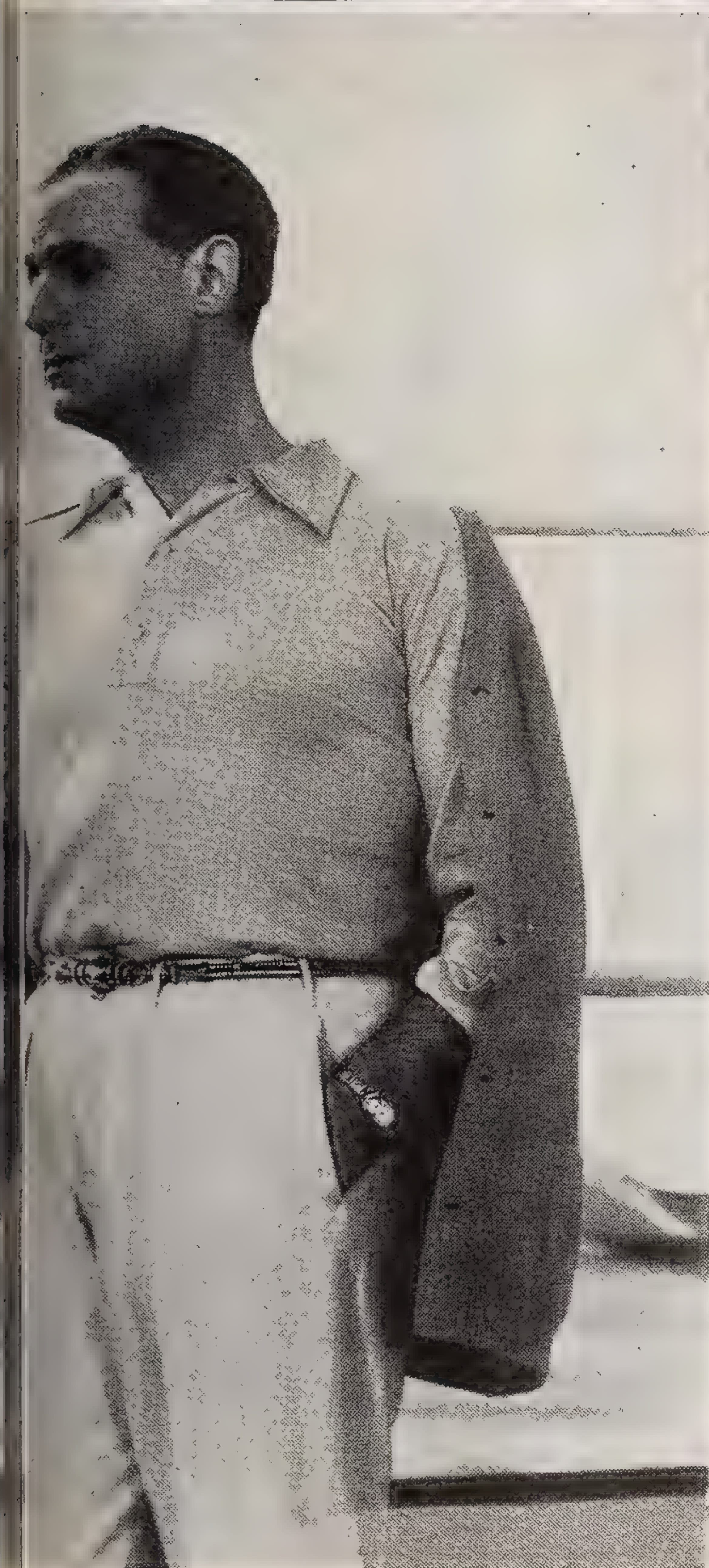
"Somebody's got to work," Ann announces and gesticulates towards the workmen she is employing. "If I didn't watch those fellows in there, by the time we put this chapel together in America it would look like a crazy quilt."

"Cut," calls the director.

"Mr. Carminati," my guide introduces me.

"How do you do?" comes politely from Tullio, accompanied by the announcement that he is returning to New York after this picture to appear in a musical comedy. If he sings as well on the stage as he does in pictures he ought to be a huge success. Come to think of it, I believe he was—in the original company of "Strictly Dishonorable."

I leave the set of "Gallant Lady," my head in the clouds, dreaming of moats and castles and donkeys and illegitimate mothers, but on the next set I'm brought
[Continued on page 62]



Tullio Carminati, Broadway's favorite, perfects an appealing screen technique.

NOW:—Letters FROM the Stars

Send Your Letters to
Your Favorite Star,
in Care of Silver
Screen's Fan Mail
Department.



Dear Frances Forester—
I agree with you about
thin women are most
unattractive!!! for
years I have been
to overcome it—
harder to gain than
However since
to Hawaii I have
pounds—which I
keep if I have to
potato grown in
the Rockies
you will notice the
difference in my next
picture "Night Bus" with
Clark Gable. Sincerely
Claudette Colbert

A picture of Claudette
Colbert showing how
plump she is now.
Taken at Hawaii, dur-
ing the filming of
"Four Frightened
People."

The Fan Letter to Claudette Colbert—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

I thought "The Torch Singer," starring Claudette Colbert, was grand. I think Claudette is a marvelous actress, but I also think she is too thin.

Why does every movie star, when she gets just the right size, start dieting?

Let's have a campaign for plumpness, so that it will be a joy to go to a movie and know that one can, at least, see a movie star who looks healthy.

Frances Forester
Demorest, Ga.

Claudette Colbert's Answer —

Dear Frances Forester—

I agree with you absolutely—thin women are most unattractive!! For two years I have been trying to overcome it—it is much harder to gain than to lose!

However, since my trip to Hawaii I have gained ten pounds—which I intend to keep even if I have to eat every potato grown this side of the Rockies! I hope you will notice the difference in my next picture, "Night Bus," with Clark Gable.

Sincerely,
Claudette Colbert

The Fan Letter to Elissa Landi—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

We girls get sick of this modern world. Can you blame us for wanting to see some real old-fashioned love now and again?

There are very few people who didn't like the virtuous "Mercia" in "The Sign of the Cross" or the energetic Amazon in "The Warrior's Husband." How about seeing Elissa Landi in "Joan of Arc," against one of those spec-

The Fan Letter to Joan Crawford—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

I work in Bloomingdales, and I get so sick of selling stockings that I said to the department head that I was sick of selling stockings and she said: "Well Joan Crawford sold stockings once," and I would like to know, did she?

I will close

Yours truly,

Mae McCauley
Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

Joan Crawford's Answer—

Dear Mae McCauley—

No—I never sold stockings—but I did sell dresses once, and I had a lot of fun out of it—

I wasn't bored or sick of my job—honestly I wasn't. And I used to have marvelous laughs (secret, of course) when very large women would come into the shop and think they—in a size forty-eight—could look like the girls in size fourteens.

And I'm sure you get the same type of laughs when a woman who takes a ten stocking comes to you and insists on buying an eight—

So remember, nothing is ever so bad as it seems—and there are always ways of getting fun out of our jobs—

Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford
writes a frank
and friendly fan
letter.



Dear Mae McCauley—
No—I never sold stockings—but I did sell dresses once, and I had a lot of fun out of it—
I wasn't bored or sick of my job—honestly I wasn't. And I used to have marvelous laughs (secret, of course) when very large women would come into the shop and think they—in a size forty-eight—could look like the girls in size fourteens.
And I'm sure you get the same type of laughs when a woman who takes a ten stocking comes to you and insists on buying an eight—
So remember, nothing is ever so bad as it seems—and there are always ways of getting fun out of our jobs—

Joan Crawford

A New Department, to Appear Monthly, Which Will Enable Silver Screen's Readers to Have Their Letters Answered by the Stars. Write to Any Player, Ask Any Question, or Give Your Favorite the Benefit of Your Advice and Counsel, and Your Letter Will Be Answered.

Address:—

Editor,
Silver Screen's
Fan Mail Dept.,
45 West 45th St.
New York, N. Y.

tacular DeMille back-
grounds.

I say, Elissa, how does
it sound to you?

Miss Kathryn F. Gillies,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Elissa Landi's Answer—

My dear Mr. Keen:—

Thank you so much
for forwarding the let-
ter of Miss Kathryn
Gillies to me. I was
very happy to receive it.

When I was eight years
old I read something
called "Le Mystere de
Jeanne Darc," (I forget
by whom it was writ-
ten) and I was very much
impressed by it. When
I was twelve years old I
saw a movie about "Joan
of Arc" and I had a
secret desire to portray
that character myself. By
the time I was sixteen
the desire to do so was
overwhelming! Incident-
ally, at that time I en-
tertained the idea of
writing a play about her.
(Just me and Bernard
Shaw, don't you know!)

During my first year in America I received dozens of letters
from various people asking why I didn't portray "Joan of Arc"
in a picture. I still receive letters from time to time asking the
same question.

While working with Cecil B. DeMille in "The Sign of The
Cross," he told me that there was one picture he would really
like to make with me, and it was "Joan of Arc." The more
people who think I could play the "Maid of Orleans," the hap-
pier I become, thinking to myself that there may be something
in the ancient quotation that "Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't
Be Wrong."

Many more thanks for sending this encouraging letter to me.

Sincerely yours,
Elissa Landi

The Fan Letter to Jean Harlow—

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

Why doesn't Jean Harlow get one of those sweet little roles
given Janet Gaynor?

I know she would fit them just as well. I don't think she
is anywhere near as tough as the screen would have you believe.

It was more like our sweet little Jean Harlow when she cried
her heart out on the prison matron's shoulder, in a scene from
"Hold Your Man."

Ruth Valentine,
Flint, Michigan.

Jean Harlow's Answer—

Dear Miss Valentine:—

It is very gratifying to me to know I have an 'unknown friend,
who is interested enough to write and give constructive criticism,

as well as make excellent suggestions regarding my screen work.

As you probably know, parts are assigned to me by the studio
(I have no choice in this matter), so I do my best with the part
—in every way possible. At the same time, I fully realize that
I am entirely dependent upon the support of my fan friends, and
the opinion of the public—so you may understand how I welcome
and appreciate any suggestions given me.

Never do I want to fail those dear friends whose faith in me
has been the greatest incentive I have had to succeed.

Please know I am grateful for your interest.

Sincerely,
Jean Harlow.

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. \$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.



Pacific Palisades, Calif.,
October 27, 1933.

for forwarding me
I was very happy

re old I read some-
" (I forget by
impressed by it.
about "Joan of
that character
ire to do so was
entertained the
and Bernard Shaw.

ing I received
I still receive letters
question.
working with Cecil B. de Mille in
he told me that there was one picture
could play the "Maid of Orleans," the hap-
pier I become, thinking to myself that there may be something
in the ancient quotation that "Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't be Wrong".
ing letter to me. Many more thanks for sending this encourag-

Sincerely yours,
Elissa Landi

Elissa Landi
reveals herself in this
charming answer to a fan's
suggestion.

Dear Miss Valentine:
It is very gratifying
to me to know I have an
unknown friend, who is
interested enough to
and give



those dear friends whose faith
in me has been the greatest
incentive I have had to
succeed.
Please know I am grateful
for your interest. Sincerely
Jean Harlow

YOUTH

ROMANCE

Jane L.
LASKY'S

I am Suzanne!



Lilian HARVEY • GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance — tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance... While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes... and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies... Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.



ART SECTION



Elmer Fryer

JOAN BLONDELL

JUST as Joan completed "Hell's Bells," she was rushed to a hospital for an appendix operation. Now that that's over she may be with James Cagney in "Heir Chaser," as a wise-cracking phone girl—and *that* should be grand. Joan was born near Broadway and once tramped around the world.





TOM BROWN

JEAN PARKER

THE "Wild Birds" company, on location, is making a real movie replete with villains and young and earnest hearts. "Gangster films" and "Epics" are out and even "Musicals" are no longer planned. The present lot of stories offer grand entertainment. Jean Parker has made every part count—from "Rasputin" to "Little Women."



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE" is a DeMille picture, and the scenes below illustrate Claudette in a schoolma'am's rôle. Also William Gargan and Herbert Marshall scowling at each other when the lush and unconventional jungle influence gets to work. It will be a great picture for those who have never been bitten by the travel bug, nor by an Hawaiian mosquito.





Elmer Fryer

KATHRYN SERGAVA



SHE'S a new beauty and a Russian, though she has lived here for ten years. Her dancing is wonderful, and her screen career at Warner's begins in "Bedside," in which she plays a Grand Opera star, opposite Warren William. Kathryn Sergava's hair shines like a new penny and her future is even brighter.





JANET GAYNOR



THE movie world is always eager for each new picture with Janet. "Carolina" shows her as a poor but nice girl from Pennsylvania, who wins the affections of Robert Young, a Southern Aristocrat. He is "land poor" and proud of it, but gentle Janet abolishes his slavery to tradition, in modern fashion.





JACK OAKIE

JACK is off to Honolulu, and when the vacation is over he will go into "Sailor Beware," which is one of those plays that grows decent with age. Ever since that glad day in Sedalia, Mo., when Jack was born, he has been making friends, and there are a lot of us now. His great success in "College Humor" and "Too Much Harmony"—but what's the use of telling you? At left, with Thelma Todd in "Sitting Pretty." It's a gift.



AT RADIO, John Barrymore has made "Long Lost Father" with Helen Chandler. She never looked more attractive. Barrymore raises every scene to a high level, and players with him are always at their best. He recently took a vacation trip—on the high seas, of course. After all these years, his last season was his best, with "Bill of Divorcement," "Topaze," "Dinner at Eight" and "Reunion in Vienna." He is scheduled to make "The Devil's Disciple," which will be the first George Bernard Shaw play on the American screen.

JOHN BARRYMORE

HELEN CHANDLER



ANNA STEN

THERE never has been more care given to launching a star; however, Nana is ready at last, and in it Anna Sten shows her great beauty. At left, scenes from the picture. (At top) Phil Holmes and Anna. (Below) Richard Bennett with Anna. Lionel Atwill has a prominent part in this story, which is from Zola's famous novel. "Barbary Coast" is planned for Anna's next picture



NORMAN FOSTER

HEATHER ANGEL

"ORIENT EXPRESS" brings these two popular players together. You'll remember Heather from "Berkeley Square," and Norman was outstanding in "State Fair." Heather is one of our English cousins. She was a stage beauty in London. Norman is well known in his home town of Richmond, Ind., and elsewhere, and well liked by his wife, Claudette Colbert, and other movie fans.



MARION DAVIES

THERE is no figure in the world of pictures who keeps her glamorous personality a-gleam, through thick and thin, as Marion does. In "Going Hollywood," Bing Crosby and Marion make a wonderful team—crooning, dancing and always charming.

Manatt





LUPE VELEZ

HER next picture is "Joe Palooka," the famous comic strip come to life. Stuart Erwin is Joe. Lupe has kept herself in the headlines by her marriage to "Tarzan" Weissmuller, but the star billing is a tribute to her own native *hotcha* personality.



HAL LE ROY

The dancer as *Harold Teen*.



PERT KELTON

Plays an "actress" part in "*Once Over Lightly*."



Anthony Ugrin

IRENE BENTLEY

The girl the Fox Studio believes in.



SIDNEY BLACKMER

Backed by a Broadway stage reputation.



Russell Ball

ELIZABETH YOUNG

Lady-in-Waiting to Garbo in "Queen Christina."



Anthony Ugrin

RALPH MORGAN

Skipped to New York on vacation.



D'Gaggeri

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

A Southern boy who gets around.



D'Gaggeri

MURIEL KIRKLAND

With Anna Sten in "Nana."

"Chic"

Betty Furness contemplates a gay evening while wearing this lovely informal dinner frock of gold cloth, with its shimmering panels bordered in monkey fur to carry out the effective treatment of the bodice. A tiny "cocktail hat" of the same material completes the costume. (Right)

Ernest A. Bachrach



Elmer Fryer

Always dignified and charming, Mary Astor chose a luscious watermelon crêpe for her simple "home" dinner gown. An ultra-modern effect achieved by the slit from neckline to waist in back. (Above)



Patricia Ellis is ready for luncheon in this tailored aquamarine crêpe frock, with its quaint lace jabot draped around her slender neck and drawn demurely through the unique panel arrangement on the blouse. Her toque matches her frock, in the style of the moment. (Left)

We simply have to use the word glamorous when speaking of June Brewster all toggled out for the tea hour at Palm Beach. Like her dainty gown, June's floppy broad-brimmed hat is of Chinese red organdy, over which filmy black lace is draped. (Right)

Scotty Welbourne



Ernest A. Bachrach

GIVE YOUR HANDS
AN ALLURING WINTER COMPLEXION

Hands as soft and lovely as flowers... reaching out for romance and love. Do you play up your hands the way screen stars do? Keep them alluringly smooth, even in Winter? It isn't so hard as you think! Simply refuse to let work and cold weather coarsen them. Before and after exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Caressingly smooth and lovely are MARGARET SULLAVAN'S hands. With JOHN BOLES in UNIVERSAL'S success, "ONLY YESTERDAY."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too... by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.



Clarence Sinclair Bull



GRETA GARBO

AS SWEDEN'S famous queen of three hundred years ago, Garbo wears male attire and a strange hairdress. The talked about "Queen Christina" started many "royal" pictures—"Catherine the Great," with Dietrich; "Napoleon," with Edw. G. Robinson; "Cleopatra," with Claudette Colbert; and many others.

MORE GOSSIP: Listen!

CARY Grant, Randolph Scott and David Manners all sailed to Europe together on the S. S. Paris. What fun for the gals on that crossing! 'Tis said that Cary and Virginia Cherrill will marry in England; and Randy has gone over to be the best man.

UNA MERKEL has the newest hair-dressing trick of the season, and it's a trick worth knowing. She wears her hair with soft, short curls about her face—and keeps each curl exactly as desired by applying a bit of Newskine just beneath the curl. It doesn't show and the curls keep in place for hours.

CAROLE LOMBARD has been so, so sick for weeks and weeks with flu and relapses of flu. The first night she was allowed out she went to see "Henry the Eighth"—and guess whom she went with? Why William Powell, the old "ex" himself.

AL JOLSON says it's all right with him if Warner Brothers want to pay the "little woman" a big wad of money for appearing in their pictures—but not one cent will Al let Ruby pay for her support. So Ruby gives her money mostly to her family. Last month she surprised them with a beautiful new home on Toluca Lake.

GARBO is still seen dining in quiet places with Director Mamoulian.

THEY'LL have you believe that Carol Ann Beery, the chip off the Beery block, knows all about the *Hollywood ritz* and *studio diplomacy*, even though she is only four years old. One day while her father (Wally) was away on location, she visited the M-G-M studio.

Everybody made a big fuss over her but Carol Ann gave them a cold stare and let it go at that. *But*, when Mr. Louis B.



Between shots on the "Night Bus" set—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert dancing away the "waiting time."

Mayer, (Papa's boss) appeared, Carol Ann became all smiles at once and pranced right over and gave him a great big kiss. In Hollywood they learn young!

SOMETHING to get excited over: Dolores del Rio and Ricardo Cortez doing the tango in "Wonder Bar." Oh boy, what rhythm!

ROLAND YOUNG has rented Alice Brady's New York apartment, and it looks as if he intends staying in New York with his successful play until Spring.

JUST what we needed—a Norma Shearer picture. And Norma is in the midst of "Rip-Tide" with Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

MYRNA LOY says it's too much trouble keeping a house, so she has given up her Brentwood mansion and moved into an apartment in Beverly Hills.

BING CROSBY is the latest of the Paramount players to be made a star.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and Joan Blondell both had terrible experiences with ole debil appendix, but both are on the road to recovery, thank you.

NO ONE realized how beautiful Gloria Stuart was until they saw her in "Roman Scandals," and now all the studios want to borrow her.

JOEL McCREA is the most romantic husband in town—he stills sends Frances Dee flowers every morning.

GARY COOPER knocked 'em out of their seats when he played the Paramount in New York, in a little skit that Lubitsch wrote.

NEXT to prizefights Mae West likes oyster bars . . . Two other oyster stew addicts are Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson.

WHAT with prohibition a *by-gone* now, all the girls are breaking down and telling their favorite cocktails; Carole Lombard prefers to serve Martinis at her house, Norma Shearer will serve you a "High Hat Cocktail," and if you're lucky you'll get one of Bebe Daniels' eggnogs or Una Merkel's mint juleps.

JOAN CRAWFORD tried to do her Christmas shopping while on vacation in New York but was so mobbed in the stores by fans that she had to give up—lucky Hollywood.

WHEN Alice Brady had to go on "location" with the "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" company, she got all excited over the brightly colored leaves and cute little sprigs of things. One day, when she wasn't needed in a scene, she wandered into the woods with the express purpose of gathering some of those lovely red leaves to take home with her. They were poison ivy—children—and poor Alice had to spend two weeks at home.

NOW it's the heyday of prizefighters in Hollywood—Metro is offering Max Baer just any old salary to make another picture for them and Radio has signed Jack Dempsey to work for them.



Silver Screen's first picture of Jack Haley, who is a hit in "Sitting Pretty." Full pages next—if he keeps it up.

THEY DANCED THROUGH

*The Successful Newcomers Are,
First of All, Talented Dancers.*



Ruby Keeler, a famous tap dancer on Broadway, tapped at the door of the movies and became the sensation of "42nd Street."

THE *Three Little Pigs* may be the rejuvenation of the theater, but the new life of Hollywood is afforded by the three little jigs—tap, toe and jazz dancing.

If you cannot do at least one of these three branches of Terpsichore, keep away from the movie colony, because Hollywood is dance-mad. Things there have reached a point where a star is only as good as her legs.

A gal who can do a

rhumba can grab any casting director's numbah. A graceful *split* is worth a five-year contract, and the lady who has a talent for backbends can just about write her own studio ticket.

Not since the yodel provided steady work for a million hillbillies, has a lone accomplishment given jobs to so many career-seekers.

Clever tap dancing has proved an open sesame for many film aspirants. Gaze, for example, upon Ruby Keeler. Before Ruby demonstrated to motion picture producers that she can do more tricks with her twinkling toes than any girl in Hollywood, she was merely Mrs. Al Jolson. Now, unless Al is on guard, he may

become Mr. Ruby Keeler, and simply because his wife can beat more tempo with her feet than any other woman.

When that Keeler lass lays her soles to the floor, she makes the rhythm of clocks sound erratic. In fact, Ruby's flashing feet won her immediate fame in her first picture, "42nd Street," long before the public decided that she also has a lot of sex appeal.

Ruby's family will tell you that she was born dancing. Her parents vow that the stork had nothing to do with their daughter's advent into the world. She danced through an open window, they say. Be that as it may, old family friends testify that Ruby danced almost as quickly as she walked.

She was still throbbing in her early 'teens when she decided to become a professional dancer, and joined a vaudeville troupe. The late Texas Guinan saw Ruby dance in a small-town theater, and it was Texas who persuaded the youthful girl to go to New York, where she became an entertainer in a Guinan night club.

While she was under Guinan's wing, she was seen by the late Florenz Ziegfeld, and he in turn provided a higher rung on the ladder of success by contracting Ruby to become a specialty dancer in the cast of his famous *Ziegfeld Follies*.

"I was a member of the *Follies* when I met, and fell in love with Mr. Jolson, whom I soon married," Miss Keeler relates. "After our wedding, I put away my dancing shoes, because my husband preferred that I quit my professional career, and I remained inactive until I was offered a part in '42nd Street.'"

"Al didn't want me to accept the rôle, but when I pleaded that screen work is less toilsome than that of the stage, and that movie hours do not ruin home life, he gave in. Out came my tap-soled shoes, and from my old wardrobe trunk—which I have kept for memory's sake—I hauled my rehearsal clothes, reeking of mothballs. "For weeks before I was to start work in the picture, I practiced dancing at home, with a phonograph to accompany me and a full length mirror to criticize me. People who do not dance believe that it is easy, and that they can learn with a few simple lessons. Believe me, those people are mistaken. I have spent years mastering the little ability that is mine today."

Now that Ruby is definitely committed to motion pictures, she practices dancing one hour daily. If she misses a day, she devotes two hours to her practice the day

the STUDIO GATES

By
James M.
Fidler

Grace, Rhythm
and Beauty Are
Welcomed on
the Screen.



The latest girl to dance into the big time is Ginger Rogers. She is a real comedienne, too.



Back in the Night Club-Charleston days, Joan Crawford won silver cups and became our "Dancing Lady."

Lilian Harvey danced her way across the world in "Congress Dances," and so reached Hollywood.

It was there that the lovely Miss Harvey pirouetted, tripped and fell screaming in the orchestra pit. A film director saw the fall and decided it would make a thrilling scene in a motion picture. He engaged Lilian for his production, and from that beginning, Miss Harvey's dancing career proceeded colorfully across the screen.

"I have danced in nearly all the motion pictures in which I have appeared," Lilian says. "'Congress Dances,' in which I did more dancing than Congress, was the cinema that won me a Hollywood contract. Since my arrival in America, I have made three pictures. In two of them, 'My Lips Betray' and 'I Am Suzanne,' I dance.

"I adore dancing. I believe that every human being needs an outlet for rhythmic expression. One will play a musical instrument. Another, less talented, will beat time on a table with his fingers or a pencil. I dance. When I am nervous, moody or discouraged, I hasten to my music room, turn on the phonograph—and dance. Rhythm lifts me; dancing is my cure-all."

Joan Crawford is another star who danced on the stage, and dances on the screen. In her newest picture, "Dancing Lady," Joan amply proves that she can hold her own in any dancing contest. In addition to her terpsichorean talent, there is the near-perfect Crawford body—and you simply must not miss the body and the dancing, both exhibited freely by Joan in this new picture.

following. So it doesn't pay to miss a day.

Lilian Harvey is a believer in practice also. Although she, like Ruby, has danced since childhood, Lilian declares that if she neglects to practice for a few weeks, she must undergo a rigid schedule of training in order to regain the sense of perfect rhythm that is so necessary to modern dances.

She first studied dancing when she was a very small girl attending school in Switzerland. She continued her studies under Madame Marie Zimmerman of Berlin, Germany—the most famous teacher of ballet in Europe. After several years under Madame Zimmerman, Lilian went on the road as a member of a ballet chorus with *The Emil Schwartz Revue*. Eventually the troupe arrived at the Ronacher Theater in Vienna.

In preparation for "Dancing Lady," Miss Crawford practiced and rehearsed for several weeks with a trained chorus. She might have had private teachers; in fact, the studio urged it. Joan preferred to study with the chorus, and by this show of democracy she won the loyal friendship of the ninety or more chorus beauties engaged for the picture.

Of course, dancing "in a line" is not a new thrill for her. Joan once danced in a Detroit night club, and moved from there to a similar floor show in Chicago. The manager of a New York musical comedy saw her, and offered her a job in New York.

She went to New York and became a specialty dancer, and as such she attracted the attention of motion picture executives, who took tests and eventually sent her to Hollywood. For a while, after her arrival in the movie colony, Joan did little except visit the Hollywood night clubs, and for the sport of it, took part in the many dance contests that were then the rage in filmdom. Today she has a store-room simply packed with cups, statues and other prizes she won.

It was Miss Crawford's flashing exhibition of *The Charleston* dance that made her a sensation in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and in many subsequent motion pictures, including "Dance Fools Dance," she has demonstrated often that she is not permitting her talent to fade for lack of practice.

Still another dancing lady, whose legs are more than walking her to great heights, is June Knight [Continued on page 56]

REVIEWS

LITTLE WOMEN

Rating: THE PROBABLE TROPHY WINNER—
Radio

KATHARINE HEPBURN is surrounded by a splendid cast in the picture made from Louisa M. Alcott's autobiographical story. It is a very emotional picture and, to one who does not recall the book clearly, it seems to breathe the very spirit of the famous story. Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker and Frances Dee are all entitled to complimentary mention. Katharine Hepburn, however, is outstanding.

The part of Jo is really the only intelligent character in the story, and Hepburn in this rôle grows, thinks and feels the



Katharine Hepburn and Frances Dee.

stirrings of individuality. She is not conventional in her attitudes, and gives a vigorous expression to that longing for freedom which has come to flower in this present generation. Can it be that Miss Alcott, so many years ago, felt the urge for equality and mental liberty?

"Little Women" is a delightful picture and has been received royally. While some may wonder how "Little Women" and Mae West can both enjoy success, we venture to remark that the audiences were not composed of the same types of people. The great talent that Katharine Hepburn brings us finds expression in one of the most delightful voices of the screen. Her cultured and expressive hands and her slim girlish body remain in one's memory, and her face, so beautiful at times and so strange at other times, is always appealing.

We understand that Katie now slams the door on writers, and that there isn't any "Welcome" on the mat any more. We hope, however, that she will leave the window slightly ajar to hear the sincere applause of one reviewer.

GALLANT LADY

Rating: ALL THE FLATTERING SUPERLATIVES—
Twentieth Century

WELL, bring out all the flattering superlatives for Ann Harding, and string them out every "est" of them. Ann hasn't had a picture like this in years—not since the famous "Holiday" has she been so beautifully cast and has she given such a sincere and magnificent performance. Changing studios often changes luck, as many a Hollywood star can tell you, and though Ann of Radio was getting to be

quite unpopular with the fans—due to bad stories—it is a cinch that Twentieth Century Ann will gain back more than she ever lost. And while we are casting raves at Ann, we might throw a few at the picture itself. A perfect story and a perfect cast. You're in for a swell evening when this picture plays the neighborhood theatre.

The story's about a brave girl who gave up her narrow-minded family to go with the man she loves. He is killed in a plane crash and Ann learns that she is to have a baby. Clive Brook, once a brilliant doctor but now a gentle and philosophic tramp, looks after her and when the baby is born arranges to have it adopted by one of his rich friends. He gets Ann a job in Janet Beecher's decorating shop—and then goes to Singapore for five years.

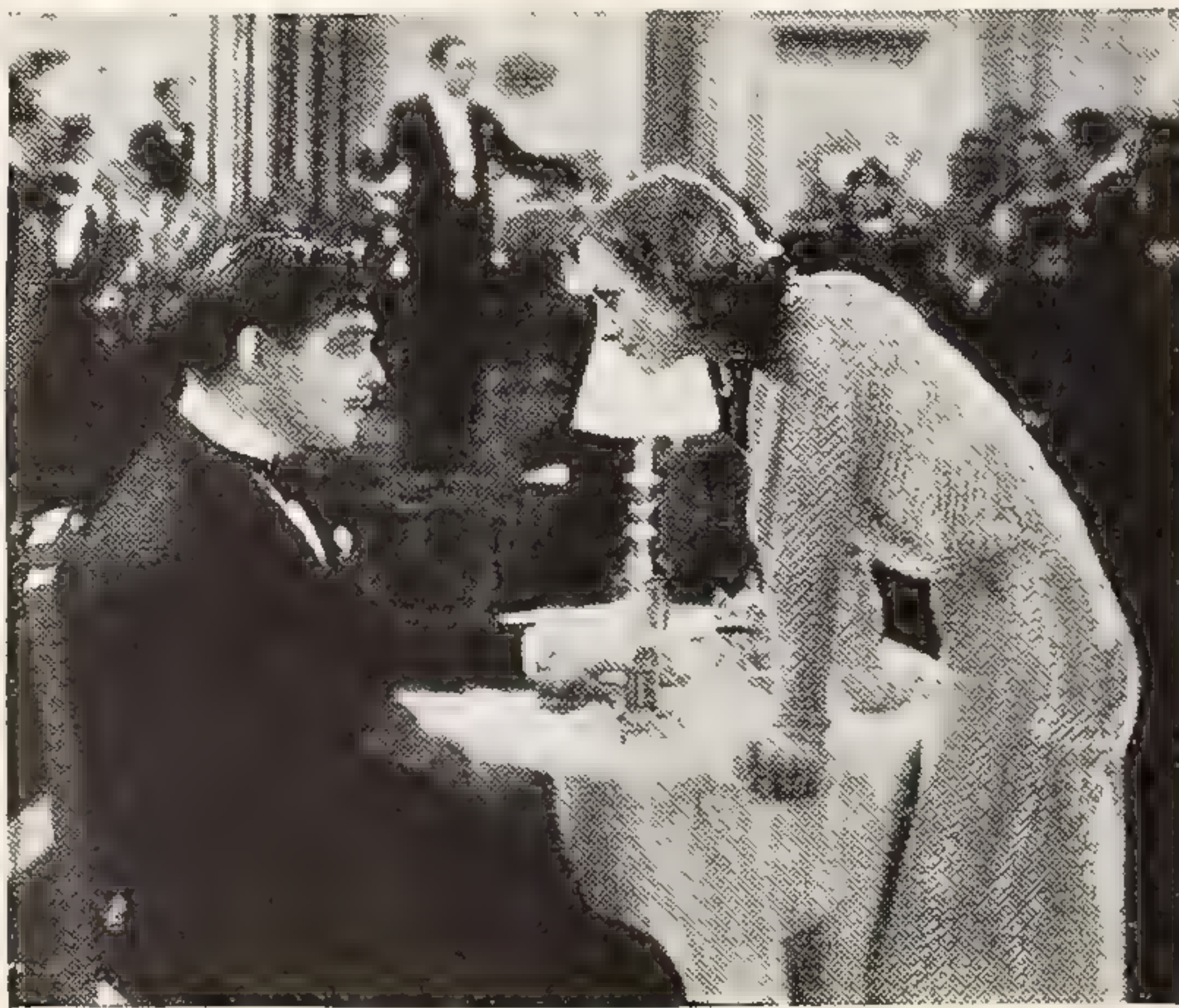
That's just the beginning of one of the most interesting stories you've ever seen filmed—and every time you're sure you know what will happen next events take a novel turn. Dickie Moore plays Ann's little boy, who has been adopted by Otto Kruger, and in their separate and individual ways both Dickie and Otto give performances that will long be remembered. And then, too, there are Tullio Carminati and his beautiful voice, and Betty Lawford playing extremely well a difficult and unsympathetic part, and lovely Janet Beecher, who'll probably be the next Broadway star invited to join the picture colony. You just can't miss on this one.

DANCING LADY

Rating: DANCING JOAN'S HERE AGAIN:
GOODY—M-G-M

COME on Crawford fans, here's a cause for celebration, for ringing door-bells and calling up strange people! Joan has the best picture she's had since "Letty Lynton." And does she give, oh baby, does she give! The entire works. A burlesque dance, a tap dance, routines and musical numbers (with or without Fred Astaire) more assorted than a box of chocolates, but nothing's too difficult for Joan. She has never been better and never looked better (what a figure, now I ask you, what a figure) and her love scenes with Franchot Tone will give you something to talk about. Um-uh.

The story itself is a "natural"—all about a little girl who just had to dance, and who, through perseverance, danced herself right up from the burlesque of Houston Street to the swanky musical comedies of Broadway. Franchot Tone is the rich young man who bails her out when the



Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

burlesque show is raided, and who gives her the excellent advice that what is considered vulgar on Houston Street is considered art on Broadway.

Franchot falls in love with her—naturally—and when he sees he can't get her as long as she is interested in her career, he buys the show and has it closed. Then Clark Gable, the abrupt but mighty good looking dance director, gets his dander up and tells Miss Crawford and Mr. Tone a few hard facts. Result: Joan returns to the show, is a great sensation on the opening night, and marries Mr. Gable. There are marvelous comedy bits contributed by Winnie Lightner, Ted Healy and his Stooges, May Robson and Sterling Holloway, and enchanting song numbers by Art Jarrett and Nelson Eddy. There's everything there could be in musicals in this picture—there isn't any more.

DARK HAZARD

Rating: MUCH A-DO ABOUT A DOG—Warner's

IT'S a case of wife or dog in Eddie Robinson's last picture, and even though Dark Hazard is a comely canine, personally we'd rather have Genevieve Tobin. But Eddie just can't get Dark Hazard out of his mind.

Eddie's sort of a supervisor of the whippet races in California, and though he tries his very best to be a good home man he just can't help gambling and running around nights with gay companions. Genevieve goes home to mother and Eddie takes



Edw. G. Robinson and Genevieve Tobin.

a disastrous fling at roulette. He returns to the small town in which his wife lives, a broke and broken man, and his domestic difficulties are just about to be patched up when up pops Dark Hazard again.

Glenda Farrell and Hobart Cavanaugh look after the comedy, but aren't given much material.

LADY KILLER

Rating: COLOR AND OFF-COLOR—Warners

SUCH an exciting life as Jimmy Cagney does lead in his picture dramas. This time he's fired from his job, as an usher in a movie cathedral in New York, because he shoots craps. He joins a gang of card crooks, and with them opens a night club where he becomes a big shot in a stiff shirt. The gang goes in for robberies on the side, and when a butler gets bumped off they all have to blow town.

Then comes the most amusing part of the picture—Jimmy arrives in California (in a



"I'VE SEEN GIRLS LOSE OUT
TIME AND AGAIN BECAUSE
THEIR SKIN LACKS THAT
VELVET-SOFT ALLURING
QUALITY MEN RESPOND TO..."

"BUT THE GIRL WHO REALIZES
THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN
LOVELY SKIN — MAKES HERS
TRULY EXQUISITE — COMPELS
ADORATION WHEREVER SHE GOES"

Sally Eilers, charming Fox star

"YOU can have the kind of skin men can't resist"—says *SALLY EILERS*

"I'd like to tell every girl: DON'T be satisfied with just an 'average' skin!" says this beautiful screen star.

"It's the complexion with something more . . . the soft luminous quality of true loveliness . . . that men can't resist! And this beauty can be *yours* . . . with my complexion care. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years because it keeps my skin so incredibly soft and smooth.

"Try it for your complexion. Use it regularly . . . faithfully . . . as I do. Then see how soon the delicate new loveliness of your skin is noticed—admired—*adored!*"

Girls the country over are discover-

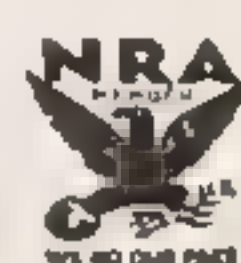
ing that they need no longer be satisfied with a complexion that just "gets by." Hollywood has shown them the way to exquisite loveliness . . . the irresistible beauty that wins—and *holds*—hearts!

Actually 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

You try it. Begin today to win new loveliness!

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type of Skin...*dry...oily...“in-between”*



Mae Clarke and James Cagney.

torrent of rain) and finds out about the movie racket. Starting as an extra he works his way up (by writing himself fan letters) to stardom and is just about to marry Margaret Lindsay, the darling of the cinema, when his old gang pops up and demands that Jimmy help them rob movie houses—or else—

It's while Jimmy is making good in pictures that you'll see some of the funniest stuff about Hollywood that has ever hit the screen. Even better than "Bombshell." You will roll in the aisles when you see Jimmy's present to Margaret (dozens of monkeys) break up her party, bathe in the punch bowl, swing from the chandeliers, and plunge into the angel food cake. A howl! But the fun's over when the gang shows up and the picture has to go melodramatic on us.

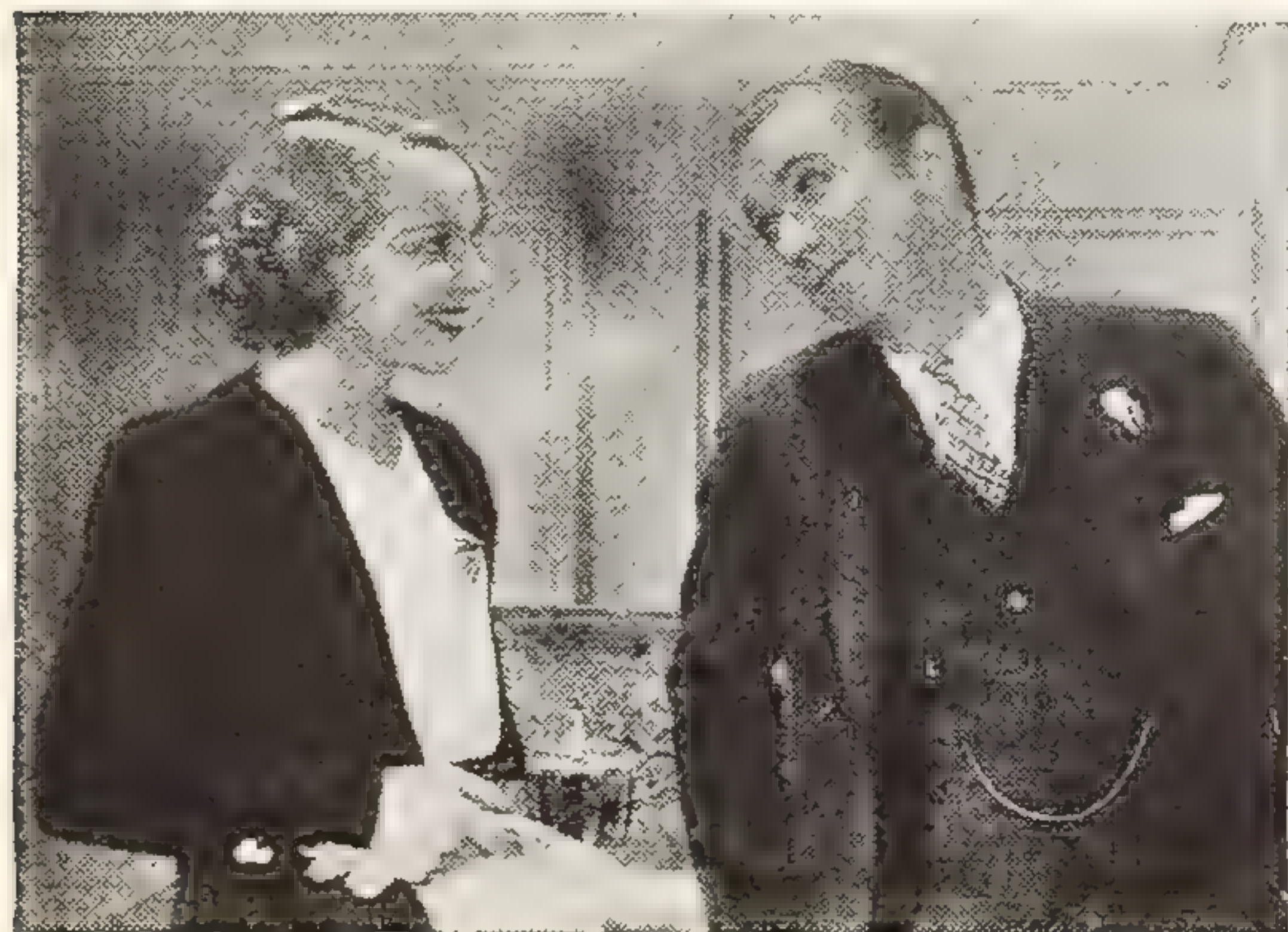
Jimmy's own special brand of comedy is swell in this film—but some bright boy with a dirty mind certainly managed to put some off-color dialogue into it—more innuendoes than even Mae West would undertake—so that makes it rather embarrassing for the youngsters who really shouldn't know such things. However—it'll probably be cleaned up before it gets to your local screen. Mae Clarke is grand as a gun moll, who double crosses Jimmy and then goes noble and helps him out of a tight spot.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Rating: ADVICE—SEE IT.—*Twentieth Century*

LEE'S last picture before taking that ill-fated, but rather amusing Mexican jaunt, and you should have heard the pre-view audience tear up the theatre over him. Such excitement! In this picture Lee again plays one of those fast-talking, liquor guzzling reporters who steps right up to his boss and calls him a so-and-so. Just because Lee has been hitting the bottle too steadily, his managing editor puts him in charge of the Miss Lonely Hearts column—and is Lee burned!

He has to keep his dreadful secret from his girl, Sally Blane, so one awkward situation after another arises. Then gangsters get mixed up in the lovelorn column and it isn't as much fun as it started out to be. Sterling Holloway as Lee's slow-witted assistant gets a lot of the laughs.



Sally Blane and Lee Tracy.

JIMMY AND SALLY

Rating: FULL SPEED—*Fox*

NO GALA premiere at Grauman's Chinese for this one, with lights and red carpets and things, but it's a swell yarn and travels at full speed. And the chuckles come as steadily as the landlord. Jimmy Dunn plays the publicity manager of the Marlowe Meat Company, and Claire Trevor (a tasty eyeful) is his secretary, who has to spend her time feeding Jimmy ideas and rescuing the company from the disastrous results of Jimmy's brainstorm.



Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor.

There is a swell scene, where a tiny white mouse tramples an elephant, which will make you laugh the blues away. Harvey Stephens plays a nice young man in love with Claire, and Lya Lys puts over a grand song, "You're My Thrill." Baby, can she sing! You'll like it.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM

Rating: LAGUID LAUGHTER ON THE LEFT BANK—*Paramount*

CHARLIE FARRELL, a nice boy from Tennessee, wins an art scholarship in Paris and settles down on the Left Bank to set the world on fire with his genius. He ends up by selling his "masterpieces" to the jig-saw puzzle people.

This is a pleasant comedy, with good old Charlie Ruggles playing another one of his drunks, aided and abetted this time by



Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill, Grace Bradley and Charles Ruggles.

Walter Woolf. Charlie Farrell has a hard time escaping the schemes and seductions of Grace Bradley and four Russians, but of course the end finds him in a clinch with Marguerite Churchill. There's much popping of corks and much a-do about a bathroom—just to give that French touch.

SMOKY

Rating: EMOTION ON HORSEBACK—*Fox*

HERE'S Will James' famous "Smoky" made into a picture, and just about the finest horse film ever made. The kids will go for it in a big way. In case you don't know the story of "Smoky," it's the simple but poignantly dramatic story of a horse from his frisky colt days, through



Victor Jory and the horse, Smoky.

the round-up, the branding, and the resignation to the saddle, and finally, through the treachery of man, to his "last mile"—his heart-breaking journey to the slaughter house.

It has a tremendous emotional appeal, and unless you are one of those few people who don't like animals you'll be greatly moved by this simple story. Of course the horse is the hero. Victor Jory plays a cowboy and Irene Bentley his girl, and the atmosphere is more "western" than you usually find in westerns.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE

Rating: MRS. MALAPROP ALICE BRADY—AND WHAT A LAUGH—*M-G-M*

HERE'S one of the smartest and most sophisticated comedy dramas of the year—but with so many laughs it's almost a farce. The gushing widow of "When Ladies Meet" now becomes a vague, blundering wife, who calls a Holbein a Holstein and chatters incessantly. If you like Alice Brady's particular type of comedy—and who doesn't?—you'll simply go insane about her after this.

Lionel Barrymore plays Alice's old and crabbed husband, who does everything to cramp his silly young wife's style. Mary Carlisle plays their daughter, who is just at the age when love means everything. When told by her boy friend, William Janney, that she isn't attractive to men because she "hasn't lived," Mary immediately decides to learn about life and love from Conway Tearle, a suave and cosmopolitan artist, who is in the midst of an "affair" with Mary's aunt.

Then, to complicate matters, Alice thinks that Tearle is a flame of her early youth and has come to claim her for his own after all these years. Such fun! Katharine Alexander, Alice Brady's sister-in-law in real life, is extremely good as "Aunt Winnie," who starts all this mess by bringing her lover down to the country for a quiet week-end. There's nothing off-color here—just good clean sophisticated intelligent comedy.



Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

Rating: AMUSING, DRAMATIC, TRAGIC—AND EXCELLENT, TOO—*Universal*

JOHN BARRYMORE'S most vivid and brilliant performance—and you mustn't miss it. Indeed, John must have liked this rôle of a clever lawyer, for he puts his whole heart and soul into it. The entire action of the picture takes place in the lavish offices of a law firm in New York's Empire State Building. All the characters are every-day people you'd find in a law office if you went into one today.

John, a successful and brilliant lawyer, who has worked his way from the sidewalks of the Bronx to the top of his profession, is beset by every kind of amusing, thrilling and tragic situation as he sits there behind his desk. But, so adept at solving the problems of others, he fails completely when it comes to solving his own and attempts suicide when he learns that his social register wife has left for Europe with a wealthy clubman. But Bebe Daniels, his long-suffering and patient secretary, saves him just in time—the phone rings—



Doris Kenyon and John Barrymore.

and John is once more the clever Counselor-at-law, ruling the destinies of people.

There is a swell cast of "type" people, with most of the honors going to Isabel Jewell as the fast-talking telephone girl, and Clara Langsner as John's broken-English "Bronx" mother. Doris Kenyon plays the cold, brittle, society wife and Melvyn Douglas plays her lover. A magnificent picture which will not fail to hold you thrilled and interested to the final fade-out.

CONVENTION CITY

Rating: OVER THE SALES QUOTA—*Warner Brothers*

THE Honeywell Rubber Company assembles its salesmen for its annual convention in Atlantic City—and such fun, such fun. There's one swell comedy situation after another, held together by a thin plot—who's going to be the next sales manager? It has narrowed down to Adolphe Menjou and Guy Kibbee, when a Dark Horse enters the race and wins simply because he saw the sedate Mr. Honeywell (Grant Mitchell) in one of his weaker moments, named *Daisy LaRue*. Thus are sales managers made, if you didn't know.

Joan Blondell, as the hard-boiled show girl of Atlantic City who sees her Sweet Papas come and go, is simply elegant, and her comedy scenes with Guy Kibbee will make you rock in your seats. Mary Astor plays a saleswoman in love with Menjou, who is so busy courting Honeywell's daughter for business reasons that he can't see her. Patricia Ellis is the daughter, who eventually falls for Dick Powell.

Hugh Herbert as the blind (drunk) salesman, who gets in on the wrong convention, is a scream—and so is Frank McHugh. How the men will go for this one. And if you're a salesman, in the habit of attending conventions, better take wifey and little Edgar to see "Alice in Wonderland" across the street.

Two ways to wash woolens!



Washed wrong! Wool harsh, shrunken so that buttons won't button—leggings bind Jerry's legs.



Washed right with IVORY SNOW! Just as soft and roomy as new.

Be **SAFE**
with **IVORY SNOW**

These knitted outfits started out even. Same manufacturer. Bought in the same department store. Same price. Same size. Same soft wooliness!

In the picture above they are worn by the same baby.

What makes the differences? The *washing*, my dears! The suit on the right was washed correctly with pure, fluffy IVORY SNOW which dissolves perfectly in LUKEWARM water. The other one wasn't.

YOU CAN DO IT!

In the column at the right are directions for washing wools SAFELY. Read them carefully and follow them *exactly* to get perfect results.

1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.

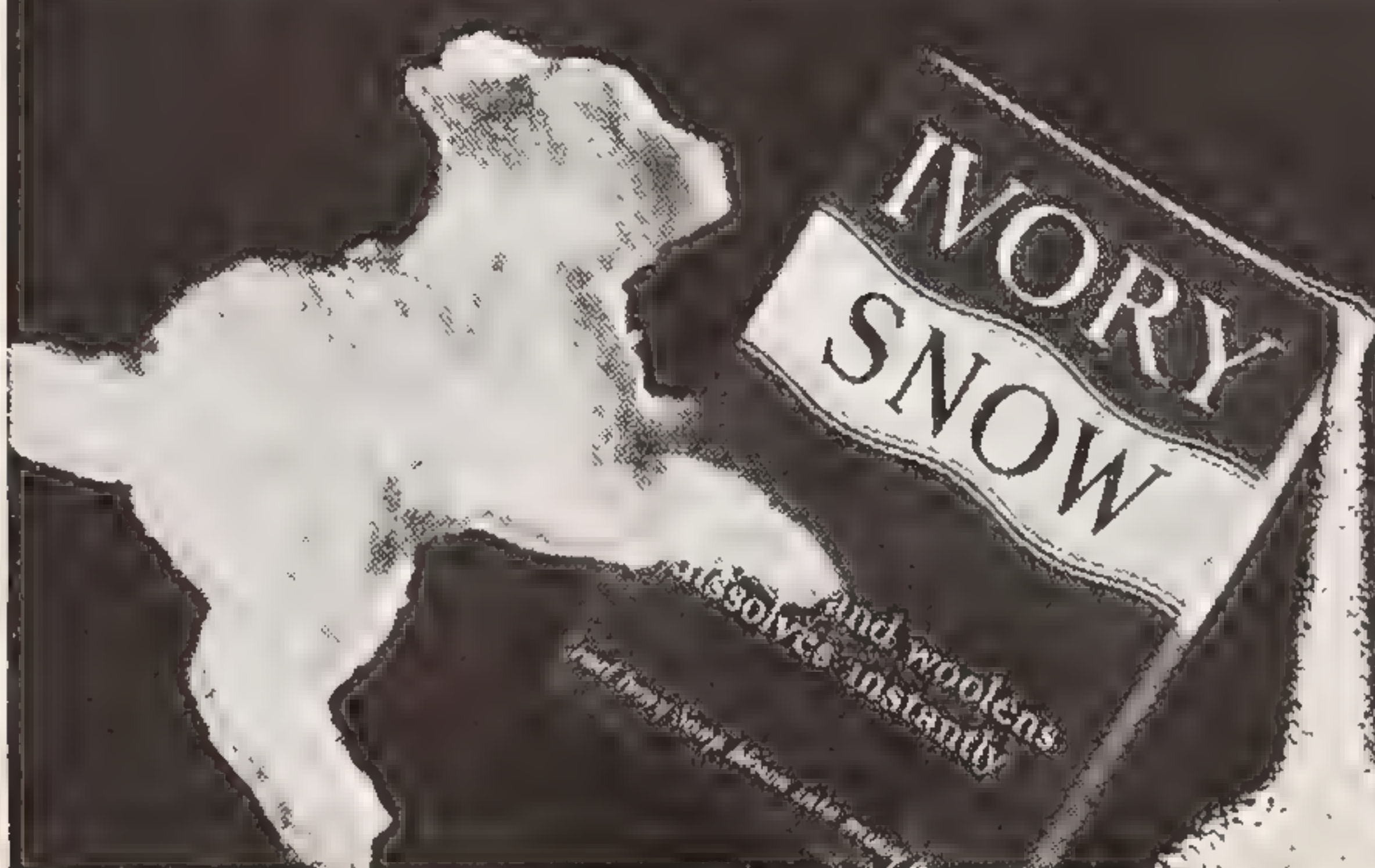
2. Make a generous *lukewarm* Ivory Snow suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make big, rich suds because Ivory Snow is *pure*.

3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup garment in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.

4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.

5. Lay garment on your paper pattern and pull it back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure • Quickest dissolving in lukewarm water



To make Ivory Snow, a creamy stream of pure Ivory Soap is forced through sprayers. It dries in soft, fluffy bits. No hard flat flakes! No hot water needed to dissolve it! Large-size package only 15¢. Enough Ivory Snow for 40-50 SAFE washings of the suit shown above.

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[Continued from page 22]

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66

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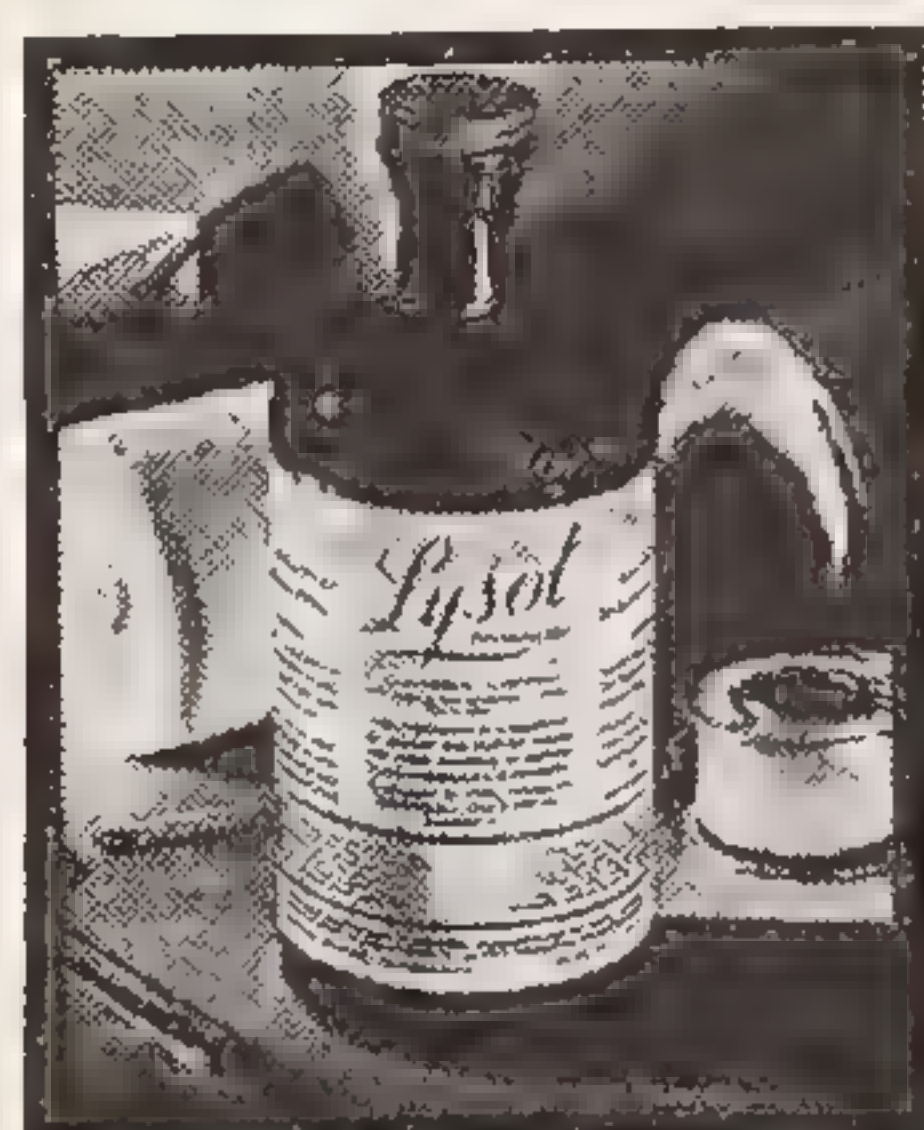


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GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

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Please send me free the "Lysol" Health Library including—"Keeping a Healthy Home," "Marriage Hygiene," "Preparation for Motherhood."

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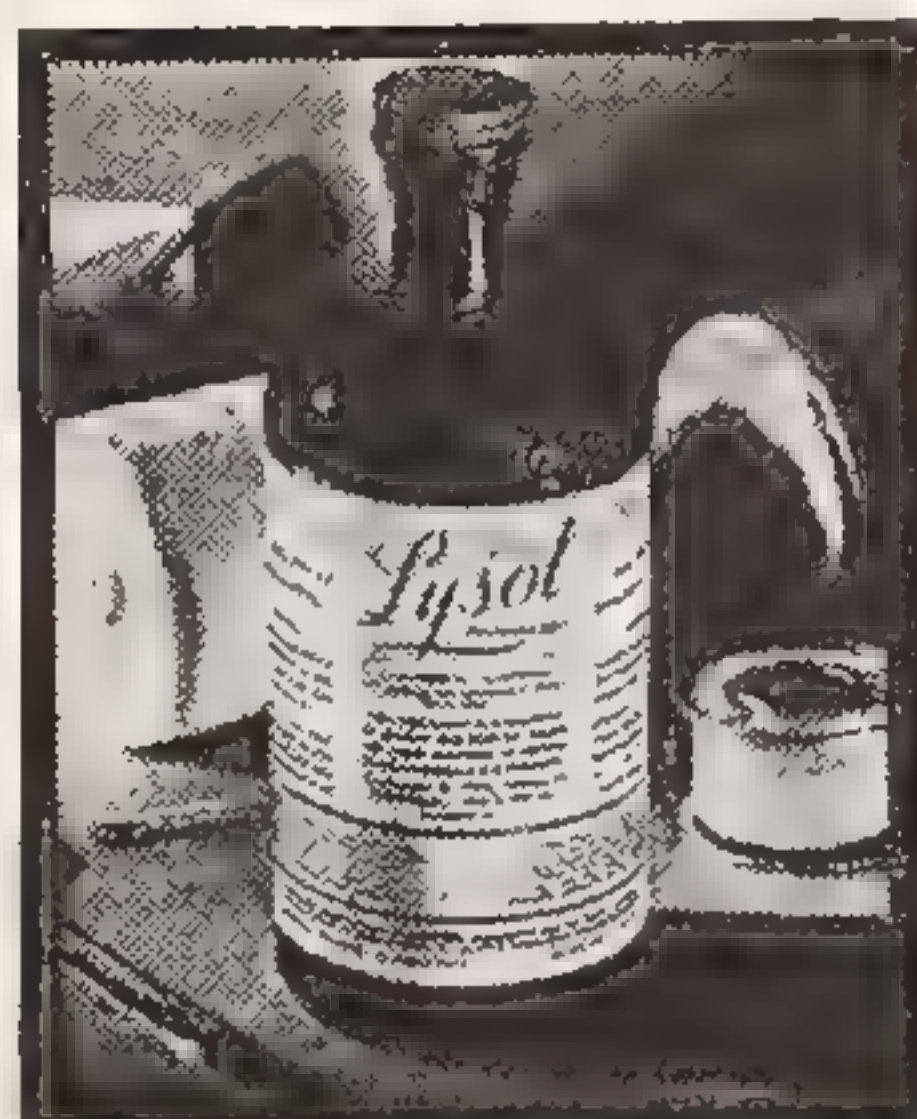


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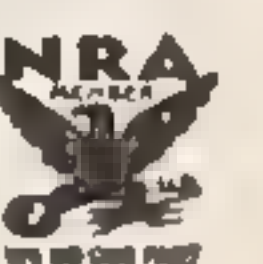
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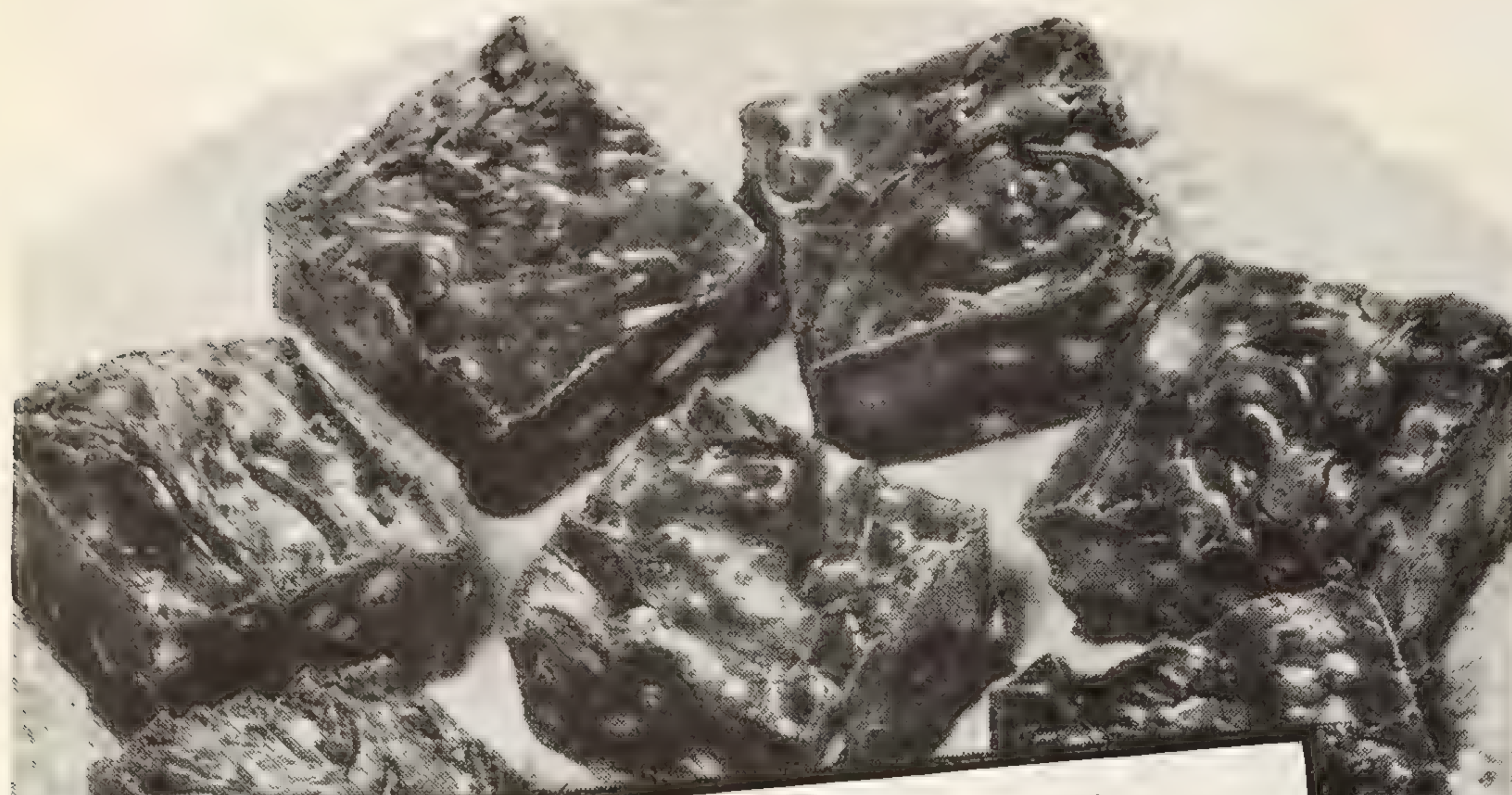
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They Danced Through the Studio Gates

[Continued from page 49]

lovely recent graduate of the stage. In "Take a Chance" and "Ladies Must Love," Miss Knight found that motion picture cameras take kindly to her slender, supple grace.

Now here is a bit of a secret: When Greta Garbo appeared as a dancer in "Mata Hari" and performed that graceful Japanese *chonchina*, the public roared approval of this new and heretofore undiscovered Garbo talent. *Actually, that dance was done by Miss Knight, doubling for Greta.*

June is still under twenty-one years of age, but she has had a wonderful career considering her brief span of life, including a feature rôle in Florenz Ziegfeld's "Hotcha," which she enacted at the age of eighteen.

To write of dancing stars and not to mention Ginger Rogers would be no less blundering than to draw a map of the United States and omit Texas or California. Ever since Ginger won the Texas *Charleston* championship, to the accompaniment of applause that almost unroofed Dallas theaters, she has been a hot favorite of worshippers of modern foot-rhythm.

As a result of the contest, Ginger was contracted for a vaudeville tour, surrounded by a chorus of red-heads. Unlike Joan and Ruby and Lilian and June, Miss Rogers has never danced in a chorus.

"Eddie Foy, Jr., taught me to dance the *Charleston*," Ginger says, "and when that Texas contest took place, I entered. I was a Fort Worth girl and the finals took place in Dallas. Because the two cities are jealous rivals, I believed I had little chance to win, since the winner was to be chosen by applause.

"But I did win. The Dallas crowd gave me the biggest hand."

After several months of vaudeville troup-ing, Ginger landed in St. Louis, where for 32 weeks she headlined a show with Ed Lowry. It was while she was dancing in St. Louis that she was offered an opportunity to go to that heaven of all professional dancers—Broadway, New York. But her mother decided that little Miss Rogers was too young yet to try the "big time."

Of course, Ginger eventually did land in New York, for those fast-moving legs could not have failed to reach Broadway. Her experience there was not unlike that of other successful stars who have danced, instead of climbed, up the fame-ladder. She soon reached stage stardom—and then Hollywood called. And when Hollywood calls, big or small, they all answer.

An amazing number of stars, old, new, and not-yet-arisen, but apparently-headed-in-the-right-way, started as dancers. Marion Davies, Barbara Stanwyck, Myrna Loy, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Lee, Marlene Dietrich, Fifi D'Orsay, Lilyan Tashman, Lyda Roberti, June Clyde, Rochelle Hudson, Miriam Jordan, Joan Marsh and June Vlasak—why, even Mae West once lifted her knees—and first-row-sitters' eyes—in a chorus. That was before Mae discovered that "fame could be had" another way.

At any rate, it would appear that "those who dance" don't need to pay the fiddler—if they dance well enough. The fiddler, along with the barber and the butcher and the candlestick-maker will be paying to see the dancers; paying to see them on stage and screen.

Maybe that is why director Robert Z. Leonard, who megaphoned "Dancing Lady," advised the chorus girls who appear in that picture to "keep on dancing; some of you may some day be stars!"

Thanks, Molly W. Schiff!

To the Editor of Silver Screen:

What a relief to read a magazine like yours which treats its readers like the average human beings they are, and not like morons . . .

(Signed) Molly W. Schiff.

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The Four Big Shots of Hollywood

[Continued from page 15]

of her dressing room.

Forgiven her publicity flair, Katy is a right nice young girl, very earnest, very ambitious and very intelligent. What has made her the big box office draw she is today? Why do you like her—or do you? She isn't pretty and she isn't exactly "one of us." No, I think the Hepburn popularity is a hang-over from the Garbo craze. No one knows much about her private life—there're a lot of conjectures and a lot of rumors—but no one really knows, and Katy doesn't say much about it. That makes her mysterious.

Altogether different from her big shot sisters is Mae West. Hers is universal appeal. There are those who say that Katy is too plain and intelligent for a screen star, and that Janet is too sweet, and that Marie mugs too much—but everybody seems to like Mae. At first the studio thought that only men would like the Westian humor, the curves, and the seductive swish, and that Mae would probably be a one-picture personality. But—surprise! Everybody, the rich and the poor, tiny tots and tottling grandmas, bankers, college presidents and garbage collectors, all piled in to see Mae West do him wrong—not once but twice. High school kids, who rarely go for Mae's kind of pictures, started saying "Come up and see me sometime" and babies in perambulators in Central Park say "You fascinate me," to their wooly bunnies.

There's no mystery about Mae, who is certainly a gal who has quite openly *seen* things and *been* places—including jail. Mae, with her lack of restraint, her naturalness, her delightful abandon, her wicked eyes and naughty hips is what we'd like to be—if Fate and Civilization and Grandmother hadn't interfered.

Janet Gaynor and Marie Dressler have been box-office draws for so long that it isn't news any longer.

No mud can be slung at Janet—millions of fans would rise in defense. Of course, Janet gets very tired of playing these goody-goody little girls and princesses who can never be bad or dramatic, and just to please her the studio once let her play a "bad woman"—but it wasn't very successful. Janet resigned herself to being good and pure for the rest of her screen career.

Marie's tremendous draw is because she is the most folksy every-dayish player on the screen—and *has been for years*. There is absolutely no glamor, no mystery about Marie—it's just good old Marie, who is common and wholesome and hearty. She's "one of us"—she's "just folks"—and we love her.

No, there really isn't much to be said that hasn't been said about Janet and Marie. Janet's "Paddy the Next Best Thing" broke records every place it played last fall, and when Marie Dressler's "Tug-Boat Annie" played the Capitol Theatre in New York, it grossed \$90,000 at the box-office in one week, which figure has been surpassed only once—by Greta Garbo. Which calls to mind the thought that once Garbo starts turning out pictures again, there might be a bit of shuffling and new dealing among the big four. She might de-throne Katy or Janet or Marie. There are those who say that she can never again be the sensational hit she was up to the time she went to Sweden, and there are those who say she can even surpass *herself*. Well, anyway, it won't be long before we find out. "Queen Christina" is now ready for release.



TWO MONTHS LATER—Jean's back home



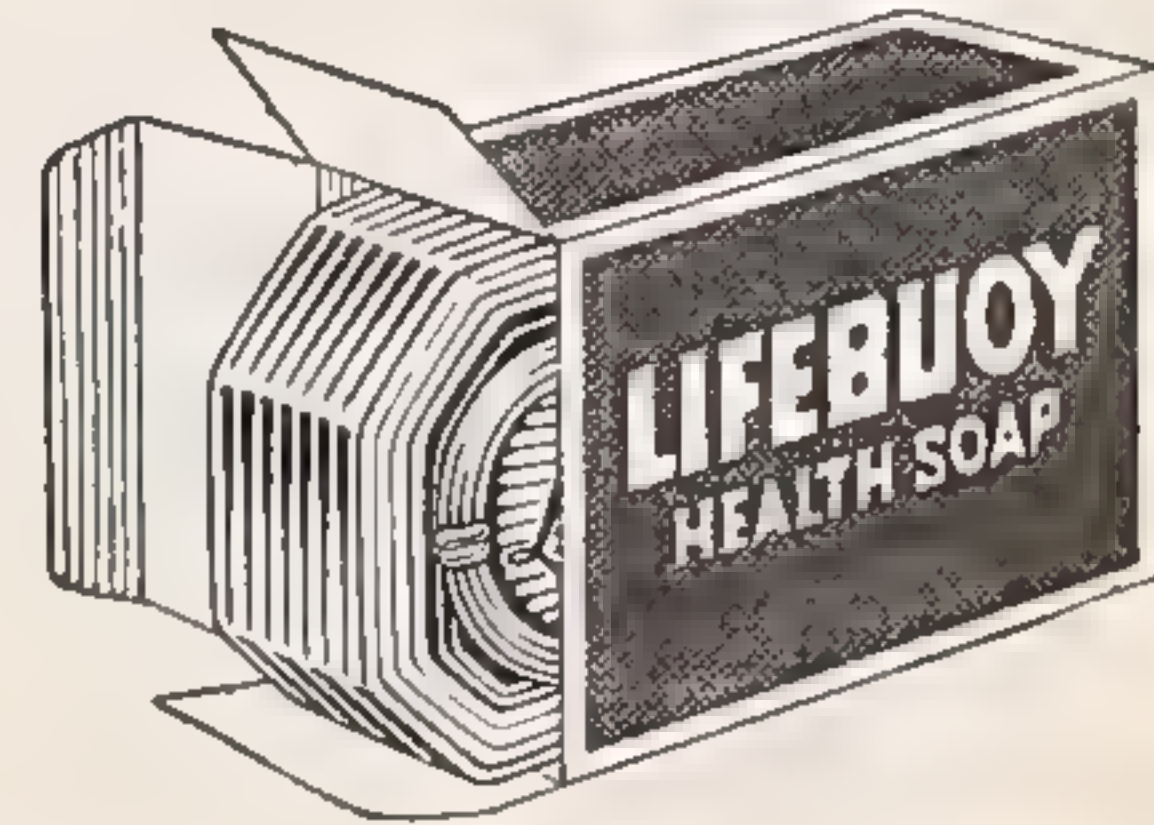
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Star? Director? Author?

[Continued from page 25]

may not coincide with the other fellow's. And think of my social ostracism if I should presume to find fault with any of our lovely ladies!"

His eyes gleamed as they dropped to his salad and I smiled at the thought of Fredric March being perturbed by any of our queens' disfavor.

But, one by one as I mentioned names, he murmured, as though musing: "Beauty . . . mystery . . . publicity . . . figure . . . sex appeal . . . contagious humor . . . rugged physique . . . photography . . . and thus disposed of the glorified personalities."

"I think that many of these girls are competent, you understand," he qualified. "It's just that they are greater as personalities. This has been stressed to such a point that they would have to sacrifice much that personality does for them in order to become great thespians."

"Katharine Hepburn!" he said decisively, when I asked him to bestow an accolade. "I lack the vocabulary to express my enthusiasm. She is truly great. Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer and my wife, Florence Eldridge, I also consider exceptionally fine actresses."

Here is King Vidor's viewpoint on the subject:

"Stupid acting *can* ruin the best story, unless the direction is skillful. But good acting cannot redeem a poor story," Mr. Vidor began, "and if a director knows his business he can put over any story, even with unskilled actors."

"There is too much standardization now. We have these infernal copycat cycles of backgrounds. Back in 1914, when I began, picture people were creating out of themselves. But the individual urge and the idealism have been lost—almost. Stardom is unduly stressed. Consequently there is little progress."

"The exceptions come in the case of certain directors who dominate story and cast. Often I drop into a neighborhood theater to find an unannounced preview on the screen. Instantly, glimpsing one scene, I recognize a Lubitsch film, or a von Sternberg, or a DeMille. Such men, who write their own stories or adaptations, supervise lighting and photography, act out each scene, and impress the personal touch on everything."

"Directors should know acting, screen structure, and the technical aspects. They should also be executives—in short, understand the motion picture's individual laws. The best productions are made from original material. Such writers realize the necessity of creating what I call 'the audience wish,' an ideal, the reaction of hope. Each spectator sees a reflection of himself in the story; it is a vicarious achievement for him," Mr. Vidor continued.

"Much should be left to the imagination, by suggestion and under-emphasis. Characters must be believable. The audience must *care* what happens. This, I think, explains the recent reaction against a surfeit of extreme sophistication, too unreal a contrast to the average woman's monotone of life."

"The movie has a terrific force and power that aren't being used," Mr. Vidor complained. "Remember 'The Birth Of A Nation,' 'Intolerance,' 'The Clansman' and 'The Covered Wagon?' Epics expressed in individual lives. No longer do people stand up in a theater and cheer, as they used to do."

"We lost a great director in F. W. Murnau, whose 'Sunrise' was sheer genius. Miss Hepburn has given us 'Morning Glory,' to sustain our hope. 'Night Flight'



Lillian Gish, an old silent favorite who has been playing on Broadway, comes back with Roland Young in "His Double Life."

has the appeal of something novel technically.

"So often preview reaction surprises us. 'Rain' was a great story that did not reach the screen as a great film; yet I understand that during production enthusiasm was high."

"Frequently I retake scenes after getting the audience response. The American public, determined to act manly, seems ashamed of its emotions. People laughed hysterically at the sad ending of 'The Big Parade,' so we had to shoot another, softening the tragedy. Also for 'The Stranger's Return.'"

"After a sustained suspense, one can't tack on a humorous ending, either. The immediate release of emotion destroys the previous mood. Humor is ticklish, anyhow. We can't realistically show a comedian crying; the audience sees him funny only."

"I either cast by the type, choosing the player because of looks or personality, or by the actor," Mr. Vidor added. "That is, I consider the personality of the part or the personality of the actor. The two don't often blend. A character always must be made to fit Wally Beery, for instance."

And now for Miss Marion's reactions:

"The small moments of life are the big ones," Frances Marion summarized her views. "We live in the Now. And surprise counts a lot. The suspense of 'State Fair' had me all on edge. Henry King did a wonderful thing, in making us *care* intensely that that darn pig would win."

"To me, the director is first, the story second, the actor last. 'Cavalcade' was excellent in all three respects. King Vidor made the unimportant story of 'The Champ' into a very human document. Director George Hill and I agreed before starting 'The Big House' that everything should be secondary to the mood. Our intention was to create a symphony of tragedy, the bleak monotony and hopelessness of prison. 'Min and Bill' was tailored to personalities. I always write a character for Marie Dressler."

"We had to retake the endings of both 'The Big House' and 'Hell Divers' because, though logical, they left one in a depressed mood. If not exactly 'happy,' the end should raise some hope, at least exalt the spectator with a sense of worthy sacrifice."

"People are all a lot braver than they pretend; we only think we are cowardly at times. Look at the grand way everybody reacted to the late—well, not quite yet late—depression. But our code prevents our puling around about bad times. So we express it by going to the movies for a good cry. After nineteen years of screen

writing, I still enjoy a heartfelt weep when something goes wrong on the screen. But we must all be uplifted with a promise of happiness, even if it is only by some symbol.

"I do think that we need more reality and less conversational dexterity. There's too much smart wisecracking. One or two such artificial pictures amused. However, we must show people as earnest shadows, as they really would like to be. And few women actually desire to fritter their lives away in blasé unconventionality, in caviar-chatter."

Miss Marion chose as super-directors Lubitsch, George Hill, King Vidor, Frank Lloyd; also Frank Borzage for his tenderness and Henry King for his delightfully entertaining sophistication.

"Frank Lloyd has a sensitiveness, an artistic restraint; witness the charming 'Berkeley Square.' King Vidor made humanity speak in 'The Crowd.' His 'Hallelujah' was a great picture, but it came before its time, and during the transition to sound. It would be a sensation if first released today. 'Eskimo,' directed by W. S. Van Dyke, achieves much the same result, in a totally different sphere. The soul of a people becomes articulate."

Miss Marion's favorite players are Paul Muni, Marie Dressler, Katharine Hepburn and, despite that absurd public fixation of her as a childlike sweetheart, Mary Pickford.

And now, do you agree with these three who know pictures so well?

Gloria Stuart

[Continued from page 19]

order that they may live in what they call "companionate divorce." It is a *planned* separation. They figured it might come even *before* they were married three years ago, when Gloria was writing for a newspaper at Carmel, an artists' colony on the northern California coast, and Gordon Newell, her husband, was working in his sculptor's studio there.

"I don't know why on earth people can't be sensible about marriage," says Gloria, deep earnestness in her blue eyes. "Oh, that isn't quite true, of course. I do know why. Love is the most powerful emotion we have, and it's pretty hard to be sensible about it. But factories don't design automobiles according to emotion, farmers don't plant crops when their emotions say it would be a good time to plant. In other things, people try to think, to work things out with their brains instead of their feelings. Why don't we put more thought into our love relationships? Maybe all that's wrong with marriage is that we don't think about it enough. Marriages differ. One isn't like another. Each must have its own especial plan. I knew that, the very day Gordy and I got married."

This modern generation! Gloria belongs to it, all right! And still her realistic outlook, which might strike anybody who didn't know her personally as being cold-blooded, doesn't change for an instant the fact that her marriage is as romantic as it can be. Gloria was a student at the University of California when she met Gordon. Coming from a wealthy family, as she does, she knew that her parents wouldn't like the idea of her marrying a far-from-rich young artist with his name still to make. So she settled the matter—promptly—by eloping with him! And if an elopement isn't romantic, in this day and age, then nothing is! It was a runaway marriage right out of a book, all moonlight and stardust.



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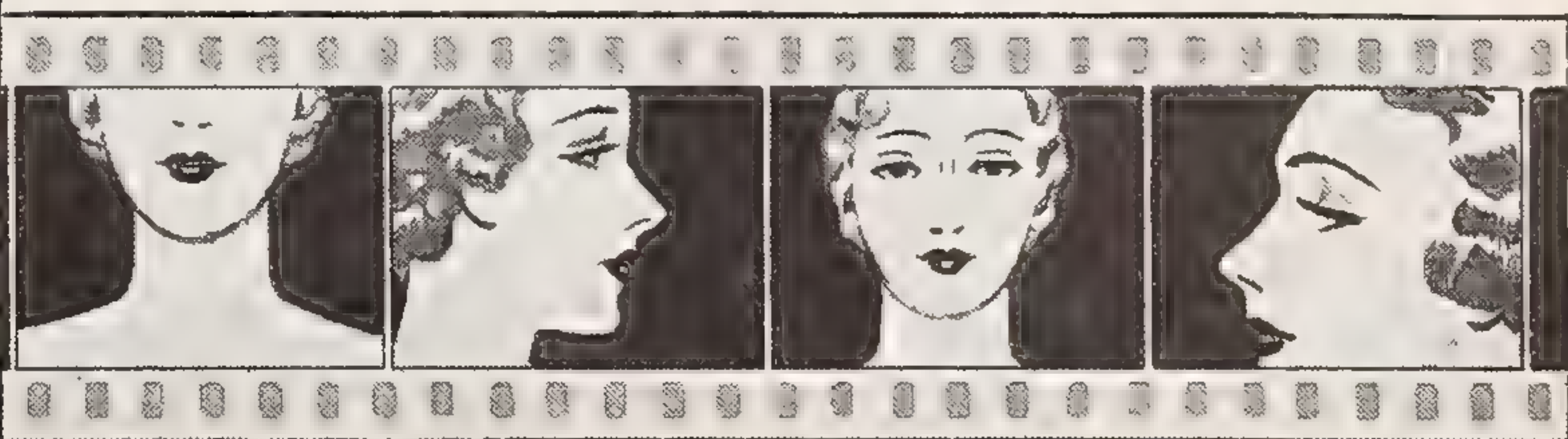
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"At that time," Gloria insists, "I didn't know for sure that I was going to be an actress. I thought I might write. But one thing I did know, and that was that I wasn't any sculptor. I knew my talents didn't lie along that line at all. So, from the start, I was up against the fact that there were going to be two entirely different careers going on under one roof, in our family. Gordy and I faced it from the beginning. 'There's a chance that our careers will be bound to get in each other's way, some day,' we said, talking it over. 'Well, when that time comes, if it comes, we certainly will care enough about each other not to go haywire. We'll do whatever it becomes necessary to do, and we won't let it make us stop loving each other.'"

There's cold common sense, for you!

A husband who is in business, and a wife whose job it is to take care of their home—that's one kind of marriage, with its own special rules and regulations, according to Gloria. If both the husband and wife work, that's another. If they're rich, that's another. If there are children, that's still another. Every couple must work out a plan for their own particular marriage.

Professional people in Hollywood have their own problems, different from anybody else's in the world. Then, why don't they treat them as problems? is what Gloria wants to know. Anybody ought to know from the start, she feels, that two careers under one roof are dynamite. Look at the dozens of Hollywood divorces which have occurred for just that reason!

"Did you see 'Double Harness?'" Gloria queried. "If you did, you remember hearing Ann Harding say: 'Marriage is a woman's business. Since it's a business, emotions shouldn't be allowed to interfere with it.' Well, I agree with that, to a T! When Gordy and I were first married, and living up north at Carmel, that was one situation. Now we're in Hollywood. That's another. We've found that conditions in Hollywood make it impossible for us to live together, that's all. So we're simply being sensible about it—not allowing our emotions to interfere with practical, everyday sense.

"Studio schedules require me to work all hours. I have to be on the set at five in the morning if they say so. And work two days and nights without stopping if they say so. When I get home, I'm so tired my bones ache. Can Gordon then expect me to be fresh and smiling, cook his dinner, tidy up the house, and later settle down to an evening of playing hostess to his friends? It wouldn't be fair to me. When I'm working I go to bed at eight o'clock every night."

"(She does, too!)" puts in Gordon. "That's not bunk."

"Now," Gloria goes on, "look at poor Gordy's side of it. He's a sculptor, and a darned good one. That gives him a special problem, too. Can I ask him to do his carving just during the hours I'm at the studio? His hours are as crazy as mine. They have to be. Only fake artists rave about their 'inspirations,' but that doesn't change the fact that Gordy does have to carve when he feels like carving—when his work is going well. Sometimes he works for a day and a night, without stopping even to eat. When he finishes a long stretch of work like that, all he wants to do is just drop in his tracks, right where he is, and go to sleep. Well—suppose, just when he's ready for sleep, I bring a crowd of people home from the studio with me, and they feel like a party. I'm not being very fair to Gordon, am I, if I ask him to put up with that?"

"Our careers—or at least the hours of work we put in on them—just naturally

don't jibe. But my career is as important as Gordon's. And his is as important as mine. It's fifty fifty. It isn't right that he should give his up for me, and it isn't right that I should give up mine for him. And still we find it's simply impossible for us to carry both careers on in the same house. Now, here is where other people start fighting and end up in the divorce court. We're not doing that. We're simply deciding, calmly and sanely, to live in separate houses."

"It can't be done!" you say?

"I think it can," answers Gloria, "and Gordon agrees with me. Maybe we'll end up in a divorce, after all. We don't know. Nobody knows. But we've figured it out as sensibly as we can, and we think we've got a better chance of staying married than emotional people who can't look a simple fact in the face. As Gordy says, we're getting all the good part of marriage, this way, and none of the bad. We'll see each other only when we're not working, only when we feel fine and want to see each other very much, and only when we're at our best.

"It's just common sense."

So Gloria, calmly and emotionlessly, with no tears whatsoever, is taking for her own the beautiful house on Milnor Road, in the hills that look down upon Hollywood Boulevard.

And Gordon, who is so strong on the subject of husbands "kept" by their wives that he won't even let Gloria buy a gallon of gas for the old yellow Mercer which he blasts through town—Gordon is renting, for seven dollars a month, an old shack on the edge of the Silver Lake district, where there is a small artists' colony. It looked like a deserted barn when he first moved in. But he is tearing out the walls, setting enormous studio windows in them, repainting, building and carving his own furniture. A friend of his, a famous architect, is drawing the plans for him. They are building a comfortable, huge fireplace. For a very few dollars—coupled with lots of work—he is turning a wreck of a house into a thing of beauty.

Wiseacres are shaking their heads. "If they were really in love they wouldn't separate like this," they're saying.

Is that so?

Well—living at opposite ends of Hollywood as they do, they're having dates several nights a week, already.

As a matter of fact, Gloria has just finished posing for one of the finest pieces of sculpture Gordon has ever turned out—a beautiful panel for a door, carved out of the finest hardwoods. So the inspiration still must be there—and that means they're still in love with each other. The carving, to some extent, is conventionalized and "modernistic." The face, especially, has been worked into an artistic unity, and so does not particularly resemble Gloria's. But there, in Gordon's new house, immortalized in the glossy sheen of rare woods, stands Gloria's slim, lovely body. She looks as though she were just dropping her clothes to take the pose for him—as though, with his sculptors' tools, he had caught her in suspended motion. . . . The relationship brings to mind that between Marlene Dietrich and her sculptor lover, in "Song of Songs." The sculpture is a constant reminder of the reality.

If Gloria's brave experiment works out—may not Hollywood have found an answer to its shamefully high divorce-rate? If this, the first experiment, is a success, we may soon see a new brand of marriage coming into vogue. With Hollywood leading the way—as always.

At the very, very least—it's a courageous try that these two courageous young moderns are making!



Ben Lyon has organized a new air corps of motion picture players holding pilot licenses. "The Women In His Life" is his latest picture.

N. G. in the Garage Business

[Continued from page 23]

Parson's voice, "that Warner plays the mandolin and does swell sleight of hand tricks. My husband thinks he's grand, too."

Now a Hollywood fellow who is in love with his wife after sixteen years, who can play the mandolin, do card tricks, cook chili and live in Hollywood without "going Hollywood," must be quite a fellow, don't you think? Speaking of chili, it was my introduction to him. It happened this way:

"Do you like chili?" said the young lady who was taking me across the Fox lot to my noon-time interview with him. "Mr. Baxter has arranged a special luncheon for you in his dressing room, but, of course, if you don't like Mexican food he'll take you to the studio commissary."

Well, there wasn't much to do about that. If Warner liked chili, and I wanted to see him at his best, I was simply going to adore it.

And I did. It was food such as I had never tasted before, made with lots of garlic, red pepper, onions, beans, tamales and other odds and ends. I ate with Warner and Frankie McGrath, the stunt-man.

The two men served the food, passed the olives, the buns, the salt, the pepper, (mostly pepper!) cleared the table and did everything but wash the dishes. It wasn't until they had finished about three bowls apiece, and I about four, that they broke down and told me that the "special luncheon" was left-overs from a party the day before for the cast of "As Husbands Go." They were a bit ashamed of serving it two days in succession, but they hated to waste it, etc. What they meant was, they loved it! Well, so did I.

"When I was in school in Columbus, Ohio, I dabbled around with amateur plays," Warner said. "When I got out I found I had to make a living. So I sold farm machinery. It was while doing this I had my first adventure in the game of making a living."

"I was walking down the street in Columbus one day when a fellow tapped me on the shoulder. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'But I want to look at you a moment.' I thought he was crazy, but I stopped."

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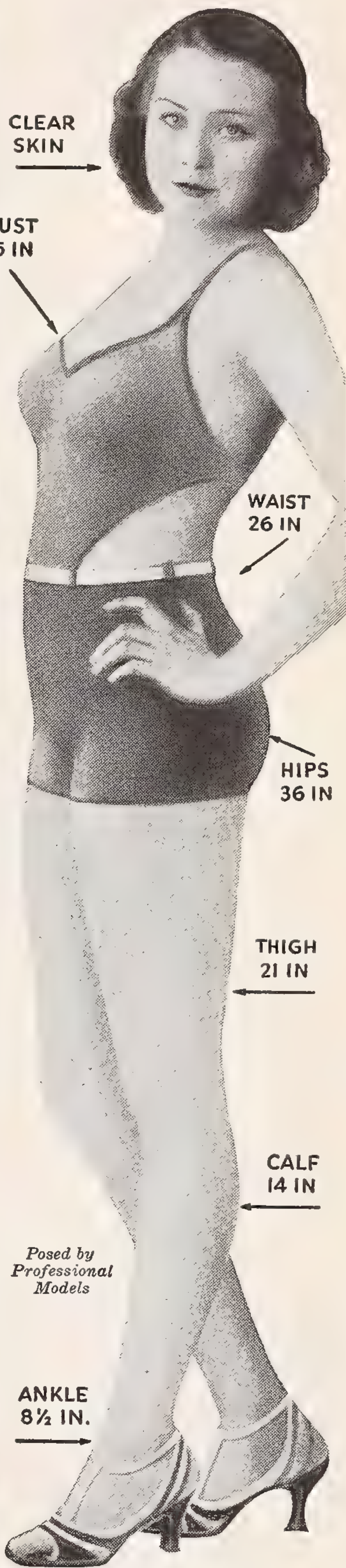
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"Was I interested? Certainly. I gave up my job and went to New Haven, Connecticut, where I studied insurance and learned the technique of closing prospects. After they thought I knew enough, they sent me to Philadelphia.

"I stayed there long enough to save enough money to go West. I went to Tulsa, Oklahoma and put my money in a Studebaker automobile agency and garage. I went broke. And then I started out to do the thing I had always wanted to do.

"The North Theatrical Troupe was playing Tulsa. 'Sport' North, the head of it, gave me a job just doing bits. Pretty soon I was a juvenile at \$25 a week, and then a leading man at \$35, playing county fairs, op'ry houses and town halls, all through the Southwest.

"And say," turning to Frankie, "do you know I believe those were the happiest days of my life. They were carefree—we had no worries. Often we didn't get paid. The manager would come around and say, 'how much is your laundry bill? \$1.35? O. K. How much is your room? \$2.00? O. K., we'll pay it.' And on we'd move."

Two years of this and Warner decided he was ripe for Hollywood. He had saved \$250, which he spent like nothing when he hit the cinema town. Pretty soon he was starving in an attic room on North Las Palmas avenue in Hollywood. He pulled down the movie flag and went into Los Angeles where his "great dramatic training" in the tank towns rated him a job, again as bit man, with the Oliver Morosco company.

Those were the glamorous days of the Morosco Theater. Edmund Lowe, Richard Dix, others who were to make names for themselves, were leading men. Winifred Bryson was second woman. Warner and Winifred fell in love. They had to meet around the corner because it wouldn't do for her to be seen with a punk like Baxter. "Lombardi, Ltd.," was given a tryout and Morosco decided to send it to New York. He sent Miss Bryson and Baxter. And in New York they were married, as I have already told you.

"Lombardi, Ltd.," played two years in New York and on the road. Then Warner played leads in some Broadway plays. I can imagine that the young Baxters were on top of the crest, that they thought everything would be rosy from now on. But they were doomed to more disappointments. Plays became few and far between.

Warner was called by Paramount's Long Island studio to play opposite Justine Johnson in "Sheltered Daughters." "I guess I must have been good," he said ruefully, "because they didn't ask me back!"

Finally, they were nearly broke. They had \$500 salted away in a vault in Los Angeles. They sent for it, \$100 at a time, and—spent it, until finally they decided New York was not for them. They re-

turned to Hollywood and Warner went back with Morosco.

He found himself being called for small parts in pictures, acting at studios day-times, working at the Morosco theater at night. One day, as he was about to start rehearsals for "Alias Jimmy Valentine," he had the offer of a film contract, which meant he would have to give up the stage entirely. He was in a pretty fix. He had a contract for the play, too.

"I showed up at the theater and asked them to excuse me. They did—and I went into pictures. I've been in them ever since."

He had a fine success for a while. Then, just before the talkies, lean days came again. This was in 1922 and 1923, and the Baxters moved into the modest little house where they have lived ever since.

"Mrs. Baxter earned our bread and butter in those months," he told me. "She was splendid. Remember her in 'Susanna' with Mabel Normand?"

"People said I was through. I didn't think so, but I did think of going back to the stage. I was pretty disheartened with pictures. Then came a lucky break for me—'Old Arizona'! And you know the rest. There followed 'The Cisco Kid' and my contract with Fox studio, where I am today."

Warner loves talking pictures. "Funny thing," he remarked, "I could never get my teeth into silents. But when sound came and you could both see and hear people, I became fascinated with the screen. I love pictures today.

"I like characters that mean something. I didn't care so much for my rôle in 'Paddy.' In 'Penthouse' I had more of a real character to play—a person with backbone and imagination. I could understand the fellow.

"And the producer in 'Forty-Second Street.' There was a rôle. I could bury Warner Baxter, screen personality, and emerge Warner Baxter, the actor. I like to do that.

"The part I want most to do? I've always said I wanted to play in Dickens' historical novel, 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Recently I read somewhere that Winfield Sheehan said he would film it with me—he hasn't told me about it yet—but maybe that means I'm getting it."

You're going to see Warner in "As Husbands Go" before that. He was working on the picture the day I interviewed him and devoured those four bowls of chili.

Warner says he's going to Europe next year for a trip. He has dreamed and planned of this for a long time, just as for his big new house.

"I always plan things out," he said as he grabbed the make-up kit and prepared to run for the set. "If I start going Hollywood with the new house and my trick private kitchen, I'll run for the steamship offices. I won't go Hollywood—I'll go to Europe instead!"

Go Hollywood, my eye! That guy couldn't.

Stars on the Job [Continued from page 27]

sharply back to earth. The picture is "Trouble Shooter," and Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Arline Judge and Constance Cummings are speaking a language I can understand.

Tracy and Oakie are trouble shooters for a telephone company. They're the guys who keep the lines open. Tracy's assistant is Dan (Morgan Conway). Connie has been two-timing them by playing one against the other. Spencer is steady and dependable, but he likes dangerous calls and two or three times he's broken dates with

Connie to answer them. She got sore and went out with Conway.

Just now the four mentioned are in an almost deserted cafeteria. It must be after the rush hour, because the huge place is almost deserted. Empty tables galore. Over against a window one lone couple is sitting. The bus boys and a few waitresses are bustling about tidying the place up.

"Oh, by the way," Connie asks as they start to eat, "where's Dan?"

"I left him downstairs," says Tracy, his face clouding at the mention of Dan's

name. "He's got a beautiful hangover he's trying to get rid of."

"I like a man who takes a drink once in a while," Arline volunteers, looking distastefully at Spencer.

"I don't mind his drinking," Spence comes back at her, "but he's a lug. He's no good in spades. One of these days he's gonna get the gate and I wouldn't be surprised if I gave it to him."

Arline turns to Connie: "If you ask me," she observes tartly, "your boy friend's burned up because you went out with Dan the other—" She breaks off suddenly, realizing she has said too much.



This talented quartet is making "Trouble Shooter." Spencer Tracy, Constance Cummings, Arline Judge and Jack Oakie.

"You did *what* with *who*?" Tracy demands, glaring at Connie.

"You were working overtime as usual," replies Connie, "so—"

"So you two-timed me with—?" Spencer starts, burning up.

"I'm not married to you," Connie retorts angrily. "Not yet. And if I want to go out with—"

"Not with *him*, you don't," Spencer interrupts furiously. "Not if you want to keep *me* hanging around."

"If that's your attitude," remarks Miss Cummings icily, as she rises, "I'm not at all sure I *want* you—hanging around."

"Just *hanging* will suit me," Arline says dryly.

Bullieve me, that's one scene that is realistically played and I *know*. It's so realistic Arline can't get out of character when it's finished. "That 'hanging' goes for you, too, you lug," she snaps at me.

"Wh-wh-what have I done?" I stammer.

"I asked you to our party six months ago and you promised to take me crawfishing. And have you? I haven't even had a smell of one."

"They don't smell good," I answer. "You wouldn't like the smell at all."

"That's none of your business," she says. "Two or three times a week when we sit down to dinner Wes (Wesley Ruggles, her husband) says, 'What! No crawfish?' And it gets tiresome after awhile."

"Well, when you finish this picture," I begin. . . .

"I'll finish tonight," she mutters. "They saw yesterday's rushes. I've been found out."

"Come on," my guide whispers, tugging at my sleeve and not understanding that it's all in the spirit of good, clean fun, "let's get out of here before she throws something at you."

At Warner Brothers

ON THE way over to Paramount, I stop in at Warner Brothers' Sunset Studio, where they're making "Easy to Love."

It's the story of a couple—Adolphe Menjou and Genevieve Tobin—who have grown to middle age without a rift in the lute of their marital happiness. Then John begins to slip. Just a little around the edges, it's true, but a slip's a slip in any man's home and if you don't believe me ask the wives.

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Then Genevieve learns that Adolphe has not been playing golf in the afternoons as he said, but has been carrying on an affair with Mary Astor (a family friend) in a little lovenest. At the same time, Edward Everett Horton, another family friend, begins making sheep's eyes at Genevieve.

The daughter of the couple (Patricia Ellis) is engaged to Paul Kaye. In order to bring her parents to their senses, she and Paul tell her parents that inasmuch as their marriage is a failure she and Paul won't risk it. They'll just live together.



On the "Easy to Love" set, Edward Everett Horton has an axe to drive dull care away. He is assisted by Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor.

Then they go to a hotel and register as man and wife. The four grown-ups—or are they?—rush after them.

For once the walls of the corridor are a dark paneled wood instead of the eternal white. Menjou in a tweed overcoat, with the collar turned up in the most approved collegiate style, is in the hall of the inn, outside the door of the room which harbors young love. He has a fire axe with which he intends breaking down the door. His helpmate, la Tobin, is standing anxiously by when Horton and Astor rush up. Horton, seeing the axe, thinks Menjou is going to strike Tobin with it. He rushes in and grabs the axe as he turns to Tobin. "There, there, my darling, did he hurt you?"

"Mind your own business," Menjou shouts.

"You brute," rejoins Horton. "If you've hurt her, I warn you—"

"Is this a private fight," Mary Astor puts in sweetly, "or can anyone join?"

"Paul and Janet are in there," Menjou explains to her, "and they aren't married."

"Why, it's immoral!" exclaims the horrified Astor.

"You should know," retorts Tobin sarcastically, "You're an authority."

"Let's not begin that again," says Menjou wearily, forgetting the children for a moment.

"She has no right to criticize my daughter," Tobin announces with asperity and a dirty look.

"That's quite true," Horton agrees.

"Keep your nose out of my affairs," Menjou orders.

"Affairs is just the word," Genevieve opines, looking meaningfully at Astor.

It goes on like that for hours. I don't know why they always have to have so much bickering in pictures. I should think people would get enough of it at home. Maybe the producers figure people like to laugh at somebody else's troubles.

Anyhow, Mary and Genevieve sure look like a million. Mary has on a rust colored wool, trimmed in dyed mole, with a velvet turban of the same color, and Tobin has on a beige colored wool-crepe coatsuit, trimmed in beaver, with a perky little toque, also beaver trimmed. Mr. Horton is robed in a plaid overcoat—belted model—which



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shrieks to high heaven of the taste of Sam Hardy—the same who, at the moment, is giving the conservative Bond Street tailors of London palpitation of the heart.

Leila Bennett, who is practically my favorite comedienne, appears briefly in this epic as the dumb maid in the hotel, but she isn't working in this particular scene. She is supposed to be on her way to put clean towels in one of the rooms and she comes up with a load of them on her arm.

"Need some towels?" she asks tersely. I glance at her suspiciously but let it pass.

At the Columbia Studio

IT SEEMS foolish to pass by Columbia without going in. "The Paul Street Boys" and "Night Bus" are on location but "Let's Fall in Love" is shooting.

My dears, here is one picture with an absolutely never-been-used before plot. When I start telling it to you, you'll never, never, NEVER guess what's coming next—

The Swedish star of the Premier Studios quits in a huff and the director, Ken (Edmund Lowe), and the producer, Max (Gregory Ratoff), are faced with the problem of finding a beautiful Swedish girl who can sing divinely, and who speaks English with a Swedish accent. Weeks of testing



Miriam Jordan, Edmund Lowe, Betty Furness and Anderson Lawlor working out the plot of "Let's Fall in Love."

follow and no one like Garbo turns up.

One night while Eddie is sunk in the depths of despair and gloom and one thing and another, his fiancée, Gerry (Miriam-no-longer-Mimi Jordan), coaxes him out to the circus. Eddie, struck with the blonde beauty of Jean Kendall (Harriette Lake) suggests that she work in pictures. She thinks he's a four-flusher and gives him the cold shoulder. Later, he returns alone, and Eddie—alone—can convince any girl of anything. She agrees.

He takes her to an old Swedish couple, who teach her Swedish mannerisms, customs and the Swedish language—all in a few weeks. He introduces her to Herr Ratoff as the Swedish nightingale. Max gets her to sign a contract and gets all hot and bothered about his discovery. A coast-to-coast publicity campaign is started and everybody is happy. Everybody but la Jordan who begins to suspect that Eddie Lowe's interest in his discovery is neither platonic nor businesslike. How she ever got that idea I don't know, but you know how women are. That sixth sense!

Just now Miriam, Eddie, Betty Furness and Anderson Lawlor are having dinner at the Cocoanut Grove. It's the funniest thing! The orchestra platform is there, there are a couple of palms to one side, and back in the corner, behind the orchestra (where the headwaiter always puts me) is a table for four with the afore-mentioned people sitting at it. Only writers and unimportant people are ever stuck at those tables, and how the *maitre d'hotel* ever happened to

make a mistake and stick four picture people there can only be explained by the Columbia script department. Maybe it saved reproducing the whole Grove.

Miriam is ravishing in a black satin evening gown "cut low and behold in the front and *V de boheme* in the back." Instead of the usual silver straps to hold it up hers are of gold sequins on flesh colored net. There is some of the same stuff at the neck, reaching from shoulder strap to shoulder strap—but no farther. In back the skirt holds up as best it can. Miss Furness (bearing up surprisingly well in Arthur Lake's absence) is a toothsome morsel in a peach satin evening gown, with a bunch of gardenias fastened in her hair behind one ear. I can remember when Arthur used to send Loretta Young and Virginia Cherrill gardenias. Oh, well, *tempus fugit*. Over the back of her chair, Betty has draped a peach colored velvet evening wrap with a deep collar of white fox.

The orchestra is playing and two or three couples (which is all there is room for) are dancing in this corner.

"Be a sport, Ken," says Betty to Eddie, "and get Mr. Hopper (that's Mr. Ratoff) to invite us to the coming-out party he is giving for Sigrid Lund (Harriette Lake—the big foot and voice gal from Sweden). This sounds like the best party of the year. We *can't* miss that."

"No," Andy Lawlor puts in, "And say! I'm dying to meet Sigrid Lund. Is she as beautiful as she looks in the papers?"

"Yes," answers Miriam before Eddie has a chance to, "—if you like that frail type. (Cat!) Ken does. (Sarcastically to Lowe) Don't you—*darling*?"

"Yes, I like her," Eddie responds, purposely ignoring the implication. "I think she's the greatest find in years."

Then the bickering starts again, so we'll skip that. But wasn't I right? Even after all I've told you of the plot can you guess how it's all going to end?

On the R-K-O Lot

YOU can get from Columbia to R-K-O in less time than it takes to mix a malted milk, so I duck in there for a moment. Wheeler and Woolsey are doing their stint in an opus yclept "Hip, Hips, Hooray."

Somebody tried to tell me the plot but, I ask you, have you ever seen a comedy such as they—or even the Marx Brothers—make with a plot? All I know is, the set is part of that used in "Man of Two Worlds." Only where, in the latter picture, the scene was laid in Greenland or Iceland, now the locale is the Rocky Mountains, and to lend authenticity, they've transplanted a few cedars and pines. It's a beautiful set, however, and I can stand seeing it twice. Outside the stage is a great pile of crushed ice which a couple of men are trundling inside in wheelbarrows, because ice will bank up to look like snowdrifts, and unbleached cornflakes won't.

"How much ice are you using for this scene?" I ask Ed Killy, the assistant director.

"Oh, 'bout fifty tons," Ed guesses.

"Make it two hundred," Mark Sandrich, the director, cuts in. "It sounds more impressive. And, anyhow, we had to get a special permit from the Chamber of Commerce to bring ice into Los Angeles."

All right, Mark. Two hundred tons it is. It does sound impressive. Two hundred tons of crushed ice scraped off the pipes of the local ice plant—all in the cause of art.

A racing car, with "Maiden America" painted all over it, stands at the top of the hill, with this ice banked all around it and looking for all the world like it is stuck in the snow. It was stuck, but whoever has charge of the elements and getting cars stuck in the snow figured without the



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ingenuity of Wheeler and Woolsey. They've just bought skis from a couple of guides and have put a ski under each wheel. The guides have raised the car off the ground with a fallen tree trunk, to enable "the boys" to fasten the skis on.

"Have you got your ski on, Eddie?" Woolsey asks Wheeler.

"O. K., doctor," Bert chirps. "Let's go."

"All right," Woolsey agrees, and turns to the guides. "Boys, will you give us a push?" He and Bert hop into the car. The wind machine starts blowing, a few snow flakes flutter around aimlessly, and the guides drop the log and start pushing the car.

"Thanks," Woolsey adds as an afterthought and off they go. You've got to admit that skiing over the Rockies is something new and I'm here to tell you it's a helluva funny scene, just the way it's shot and without all the scenes that lead up to it.

Director Sandrich hesitates about letting me have a still picture of it, because he doesn't want to give his gag away before the picture is released. Bob Woolsey prevails on him to let me have it, and I want to take this occasion to say that in all the sets I've covered I've never had more co-operation than I did on that one. Thanks, fellows.

Right down the street, on another stage, "Wild Birds" (featuring Tom Brown and Jean Parker) is filming. Tom has escaped from a reform school and landed on a farm owned by an old meanie—Arthur Byron—and his wife—Beulah Bondi. Jean Parker is also there. I forgot to ask how she got there but things are going from bad to worse for the youngsters. Byron is a despot, and Tom daren't say much for fear the old buzzard will turn him in. Life's just one heartache after another. Old Byron makes improper advances to Jean and scares her, so she and Tom run away. But, alas and alack, they're caught and brought back (a verse, by heaven!) and then Jean discovers she's going to have a baby by What-a-man Brown. That's twice in one story that's happened. Remember, I just told you about Ann Harding's mistake?

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Just now Jean is in her little attic room, and what a hole it is. A rickety old green iron bedstead with the enamel chipped off, one dilapidated chair that hangs together by a miracle, a wobbly table with an oil lamp and, opposite it, a washstand supporting one of those old-timey bowls and pitchers. Against the other wall is a dresser with no mirror. That wall has been taken out and the camera is shooting over the top of the dresser into the room.

Jean is undressing. She stands there in a cheap cotton pink chemise, her hair cascading about her shoulders and holding a faded blue calico dress in her hand. Suddenly she hears a noise at the window and looks around to find Tom climbing in.

"Sh!" she gasps. "You shouldn't—you shouldn't come in here," coming forward to the foot of the bed near the dresser.

"What if he should hear you?" "I don't care," Tom, now in the room, answers. "I heard old Slag (Byron) in here talkin'—"

"Adam (Tom)," says Jean, "I'm so afraid of him. Somethin' about the way he acts towards me all of a sudden ain't the same. Adam," turning towards him suddenly, "we can't stay here no longer."

"Where can we go?" demands the practical Tom.

"Why can't we go to George Marshall?" Jean asks. "He'd take care of us all right."

"Yeah," Tom whispers. "Where is he?" "I got a letter from him from Carston. How far is that?"

"Purty near thirty miles," Tom guesses.

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nor nothin'! Slag'd catch us easy—and then we'd be worse off than we are now."

"But we got to get out of here!" Jean wails, holding her dress to her breast. "Let's run away right now! We'll get a head start on 'em. We'll walk all night an' when it gets day, we'll keep under cover. Please, Adam!"

"All right," Tom agrees, "we'll do it." He gets his reward in the form of a quick kiss and a hug. "Come on—hurry up—get your things." He gallantly turns his back and walks a few steps away while Jean opens a drawer of the dresser and pulls out a faded blouse which she begins putting on feverishly.

"We'll snatch a loaf of bread or something," she plans as she dresses. "They won't catch us—I know they won't!"

"Cut," calls Director Elliott Nugent. You remember my telling you about Elliott when he was directing "Three Corners Moon." I wouldn't be surprised if this is just as good a picture—only it isn't a comedy. The thing I can't get over is that Elliott is a perfectly swell actor and yet the studios keep him directing all the time.

Just now he isn't concerned about acting—not his own, anyhow. He turns to the script girl: "When Jean opens the drawer of the dresser to get her blouse out, could you hear her talking over the noise?"

"Yes," answers the girl. "She didn't start talking until after she'd got the drawer open."

They shoot the scene five or six times and then Elliott yells "Food! Back in an hour." He turns to me this time: "Lunch?"

Tom answers for me: "He's lunching with me." Fancy that, now! Two invitations to lunch in one day. And the chances are I'll have to buy my own lunch the rest of the month. I get the rottenest breaks!

In the lunchroom Tom tells me all about his location trip with this company—up to Sequoia—and the fun he had while he was waiting for them to start shooting. Dorothy Jordan was supposed to be in this picture, but she got sick and there was a hiatus of a few days while they cast about for another lead. And Tom did all right for himself. Even his pal Henry Wilson doesn't know any more than I do about *how* well he did.

"What about all this talk of you and Jean?" I ask him when the food's been attended to.

Tom considers the matter carefully before answering. "I think any announcement should come from the lady," he says gravely and then grins. "No, Anita Louise is still in the top spot. Jean and I are 'just good friends'—and, anyhow, she's got a boy friend."

Oh! She's got a friend. I knew a girl once who had a book so what use could she possibly have with another?

Hepburn is in the restaurant, shrieking all over the place. I'm glad I'd already eaten before I saw her. She's just finished "Trigger" and is leaving tonight for New York to do a stage play. I hope it's a hit.

Chick Chandler stops by the table for a moment to tell me about all the tough breaks he's had since coming to Hollywood—and he's had plenty. However, he's a hit in "Blood Money" and nobody can take that away from him.

And I also hear tell that Eric Linden is back in town—poorer, meeker, sadder and wiser. Ho hum.

Much Excitement at Paramount

AT TWO o'clock I finally arrive at the Paramount Studios. The "Alice in Wonderland" set is closed up tighter than a drum, but by pretending Bing Crosby sent me over to play the Mock Turtle for him I sneak on. What a set! What a picture! What a cast! What a—but why go on? It's stupendous! Colossal! Gigan-

tic! It's—it's—running out of adjectives, I become panic-stricken and call up Jimmie Durante on the telephone. "Just tell 'em it's humiliatin'," Jimmie advises.

It's all of that. There are hedges wherever you look, and they've been cut in the most fantastic shapes imaginable. But, for once, I can't be bothered looking at sets. My eyes pop out farther than the Woggle Bug's at the fantastic make-ups. Most of the characters wear rubber masks, so you can't tell who's who or even who's whose. But May Robson is there, dolled up like the Queen of Hearts. She's standing in the centre of the stage, and everything is very calm and peaceful. But not for long. All at once May flies into the most superb rage I've ever witnessed.

"Where are the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and the Cheshire Cat (Richard Arlen)," she begins. The Duchess is sitting on a tiny cradle right behind her, knitting, and Alice (Charlotte Henry) is standing



"Alice in Wonderland," in the screen play, is a fulfillment that would have astonished Lewis Carroll as much as it does little Charlotte Henry, who plays Alice.

beside the Duchess. Neither of them answer the Queen, and there's nobody else around to tell her they're there. Receiving no answer, May begins to swell up like a poisoned pup. "Where are the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat?" she screams. Still no answer. "Find the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat," she shrieks. Still no answer. "Am I the Queen or am I not the Queen?" May demands in a voice of thunder. "Find the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat! Hundreds of thousands of heads shall roll in the dust for this. Hundreds of thousands of heads shall roll in the dust," she bellows again. Suddenly out of nowhere hundreds of boys dressed in green tights, with the pictures of all the other cards in the deck, appear and begin leaping wildly over the hedges in every direction, in an effort to find the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat.

Just when it seemed inevitable that the Queen should bust a blood vessel or have an apoplectic stroke, she sweeps off the set. The Duchess folds her knitting, nods wisely to Alice, and they follow the Queen to the croquet grounds.

"Where is the Cheshire Cat?" Director Norman McLeod mutters. "Confound that guy. He came on the set at nine o'clock and asked if he could go get breakfast. Now it's two and he isn't back yet."

"Maybe he's running breakfast and lunch in together," I suggest.

"What are you doing here?" Norm asks, and then in a burst of inspiration he adds, "Get off my set. It's closed."

"I'm going to play the Mock Turtle for Bing," I inform him.

"Get off my set," Norman storms.

"Don't get so nasty," I caution him. "You're not the Queen of Hearts. And, besides, if you put me off I won't come up



LORETTA YOUNG and SPENCER TRACY in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"

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for dinner tonight. And Bunny (Mrs. McLeod) is in Frisco again—or yet—and you'll have to eat alone."

"Get off my set," Norman shrieks in a voice rivaling May's.

"I won't go out to the Colony Club with you afterwards, either," I threaten.

That gets him. "All right," he agrees sulkily. You can stay. But keep out of my sight. I tell you the set's closed."

"Hundreds of thousands of heads shall roll in the dust," I jeer.

"Get off my set," Norman begins again.

It's a screwy picture, they've got screwy sets, everybody in it is screwy, but I'll bet my ticket to the U. S. C.-Washington football game that when the roll is called up yonder—at the annual meeting of the Academy—it'll be runner-up, at least, for the best picture of the year. I wouldn't miss it for all those hundreds of thousands of heads that shall roll in the dust.

Not all sets are like Norman's, though. Some are more peaceable than others. For instance, take "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." You could never find a more informal atmosphere than that pervading this stage—when they're not shooting. Of course, when the picture is going it's something else again. It's a tense picture.

Dorothea Wieck plays a glamorous film star on location near the ranch of my old friend, Alice Brady, her husband (Irving Bacon) and her child (Spanky McFarland).

Wieck is Alice's idol. Dot returns home that night to see her own child—Baby LeRoy. Next morning the child is missing.

The kidnappers (Alan Hale, Dorothy Burgess and Jack LaRue) have taken him to a shack near Alice's ranch. All Alice knows is that there are some people there and she wants to be friendly. So she takes some fresh vegetables over. Spanky sees LeRoy and carries him from the house. LaRue snatches the baby away from Spanky and the door is slammed in Miss Brady's face.

She returns home, puzzled over their strange behavior, and then learns from her husband that Miss Wieck's baby has been kidnapped. Even then she suspects nothing, merely surmising that Miss Burgess' nervousness and LaRue's actions are attributable to their possible fear that LeRoy (whom she believes to be *their* child) might be kidnapped, too.

But the more she thinks about it the less likely that seems, so she returns to the kidnappers' shack—this time with a pail of milk.

What an awful looking dump it is. The walls are covered with newspapers, yellowed with age. There is a rough board table, covered with oil cloth, a bottle used as a candleholder, a broken down sofa that sags every place a sofa *can* sag, an oil stove and curtains made from old sacks.

Hale and Burgess are in another room. I can hear them talking and laughing as Hale tells how clever he has been about throwing the cops off their trail. Baby LeRoy sits alone on the sofa, looking wonderingly towards the door where the laughter comes from. The outer door opens and his glance turns in that direction. Alice enters hurriedly and starts to pick him up. Then she hears Hale coming and puts him down again.

"Psst!" says LeRoy. Nobody told him to do that—it was his own idea.

But Hale hasn't finished his story, so he reels back into the room where Burgess is and Alice sits down beside the baby. Imagine her surprise to discover they have stained his skin and darkened his hair.

"Cut," orders Al Hall. "Hi, Dick. Seen that lug of a Jimmie Dunn lately?"

Al and Jimmie are great pals—or they were until Jimmie found that Al had even more girls than he. When he learned

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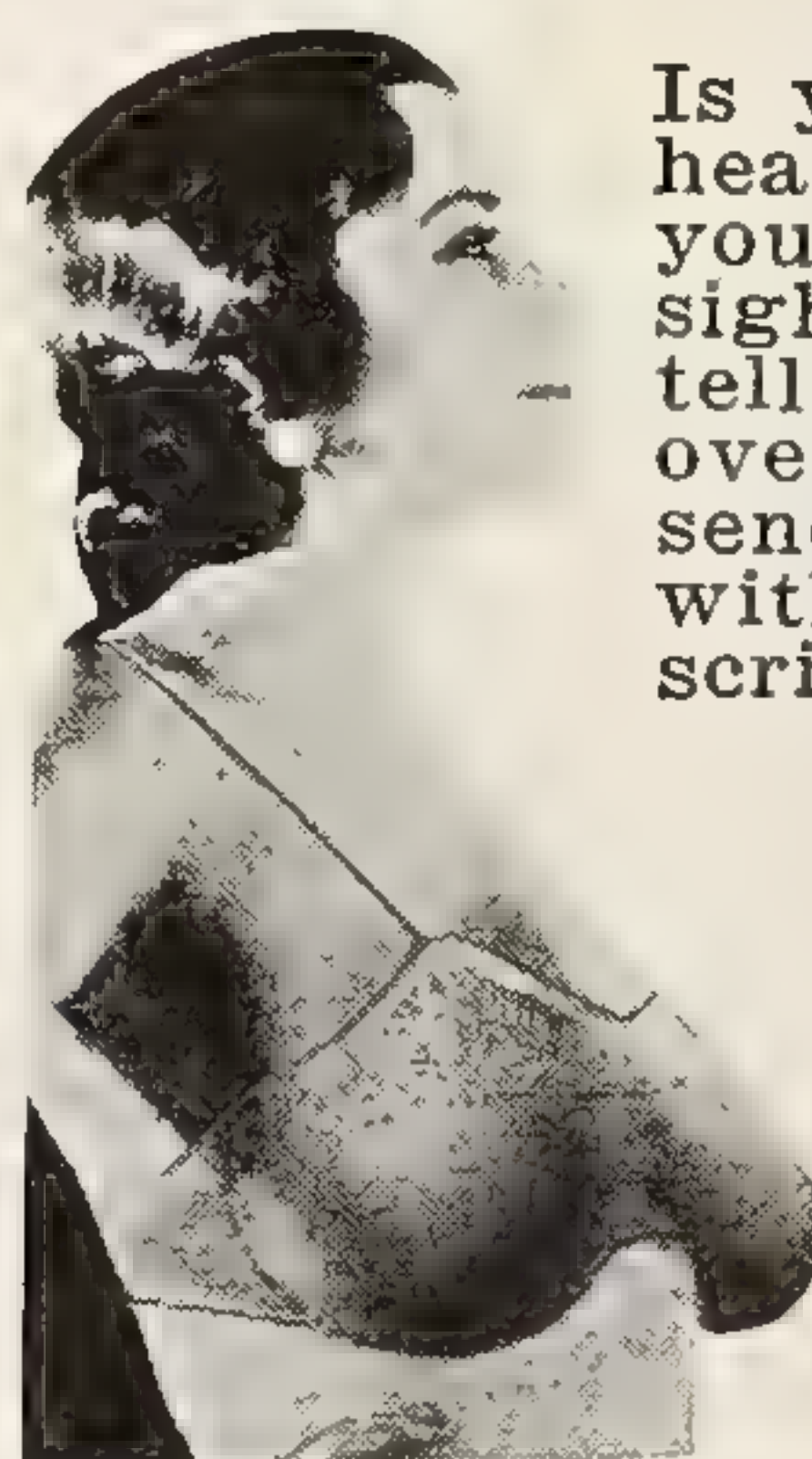
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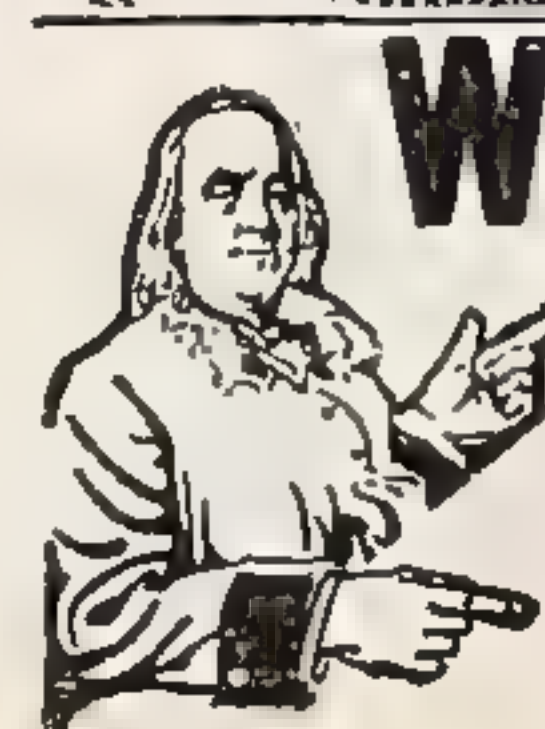
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that he couldn't compete with Al, he stopped seeing so much of him. Said Al gave him an inferiority complex.

But that was before Al became engaged to Lola Lane. It's all changed now. My one wish is that this time Lola will find the happiness that eluded her before.

To paraphrase an old saw, "Good wishes, like chickens, come home to roost." Just because I held a kind thought for Lola, Alice recognized me. She even remembered jokingly calling me a darn fool because I drank beer when I was on a diet.

"When I get back to M-G-M," she said, "come up and see me sometime." Well, will I? Ask me!

Spanky, not being in the scene, had been amusing himself during the shooting, by unscrewing one of the camera legs. His mother, happening to glance in his direction, noiselessly slapped his hand and shook her head at him to quit. But Spanky knows who's the star in *that* family. Not daring to speak for fear of spoiling the scene, he promptly stuck his tongue out at her. From the glint in Mrs. McFarland's eyes, I'll venture he won't get star billing when she gets him home.

Paramount has three other pictures shooting—"The Search for Beauty," featuring Larry Crabbe (formerly Buster, but who now wants to be known as an actor instead of an Olympic Swimming Champion) and Ida Lupino (who almost got the part of Alice in "Alice in Wonderland"—but didn't), "Death Takes a Holiday" (starring Fredric March) and "Catherine, the Great" starring la Dietrich. All of them are on location. But next month, ladeeze and gemmun, a true and authentic account of these pictures—and my quips—will positively appear on these pages.

At Warner's Other Studio

THE sun blazed down as I left the Paramount Studio, bringing beads of moisture to my forehead and spots of perspiration out on my new white linen suit. With a muttered imprecation on the flawless California weather—flawless even in November!—I flipped a coin to see whether Warner Brothers and Universal or Fox and M-G-M should next be graced with my august presence. Warners and Universal won. Lucky devils.

As I parked the car and tottered across the street, I had new evidence of California's eternal summer. Blackbirds began darting at me from all directions, eyeing me balefully with their amber orbs and paying not the slightest attention to my "Shoo!" and "Scat!" When I indignantly voiced my displeasure, on getting inside the publicity office, I learned that the birds only build their nests in hot weather and all they wanted with me was a few hairs. A few hairs, indeed! And me paying Helen Clark's scalp emporium a tidy sum each month to grow more!

"There's not much doing out here just now," they lamented. "We've only got a few pictures shooting. 'Mandalay,' with Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot, 'Massacre,' starring Richard Barthelmess, and 'Hi, Nellie,' starring Paul Muni. You've already been over to the Sunset Studio and seen 'Easy to Love.'"

My! How news travels out here.

The "Mandalay" set is simple. Just the corridor of an ocean liner. It's a complicated plot—one of those South Seas and Mandalayan affairs. Kay is Ricardo Cortez' girl, but when he gets in a tight spot he turns her over to a gun runner—not rum runner—in payment of his debt. She finally escapes and boards a vessel for Mandalay. En route she meets Lyle Talbot, a young doctor, on board ship. Lyle is immediately attracted to her and she to him.

Kay's recountal of the plot is interrupted by a call to arms—or a call to camera. It's all the same.

Lyle is knocking at the door of her state-room. At first she pays no attention, so he knocks again. Louder, please.

"Who is it?" Kay asks.

"I," Lyle answers—as though she would know who "I" was. "I was just wondering if you're ready for dinner?" he continues.

"I didn't hear the gong," Kay says, opening the door a little and standing on the threshold. She didn't even ask him to come in. "Did it ring?" she goes on.

"Why, yes," says Lyle. "About fifteen minutes ago."

"You go ahead," Kay urges him. "I'll be along shortly."

"All right," Lyle agrees reluctantly.

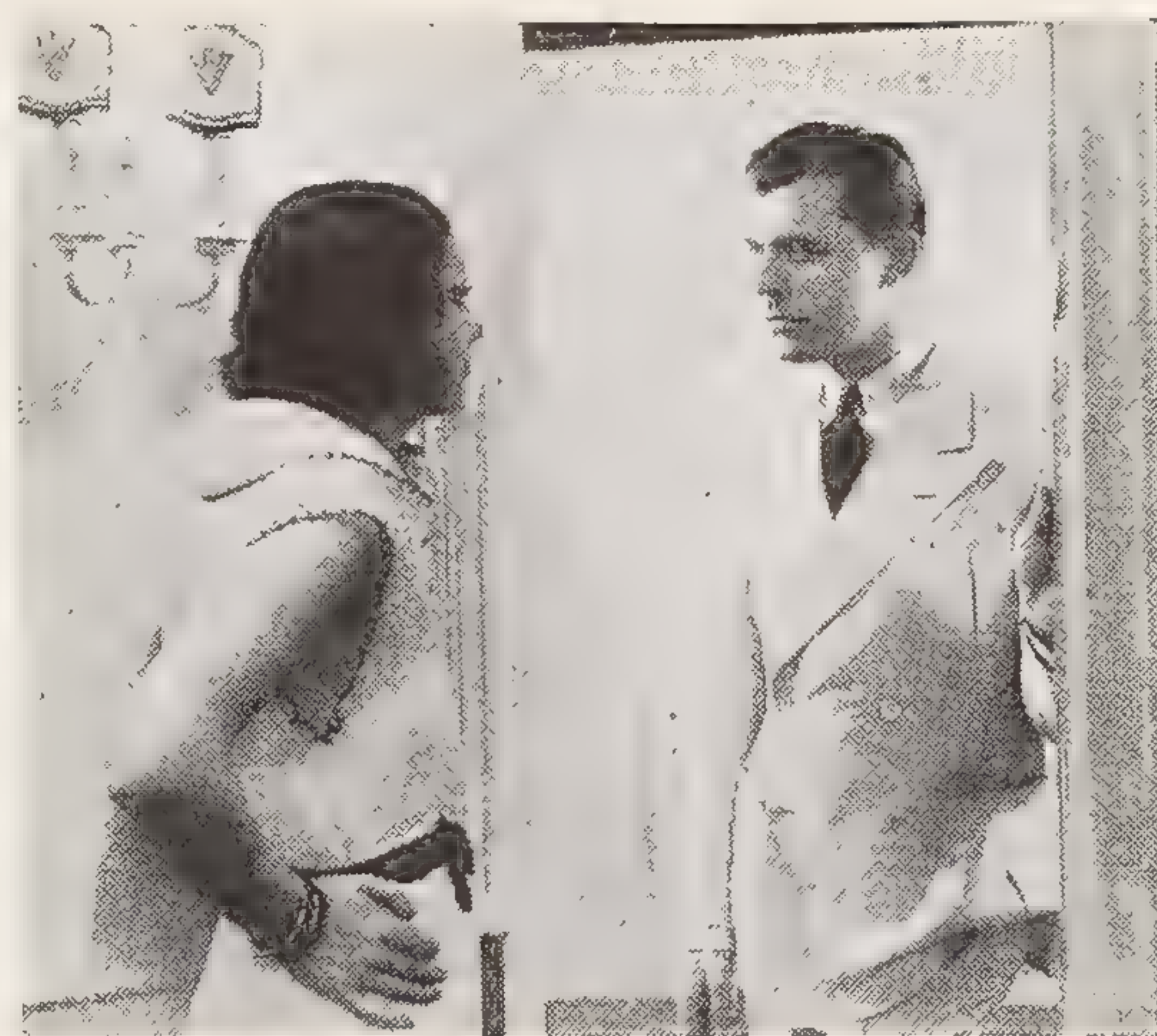
Well, he tried, didn't he? The unfortunate thing is that dinner doesn't always mean as much to people on shipboard as it does on land.

"Mike—Mike," Kay yells for Michael Curtiz, the director, when the scene is finished.

I thought for a moment, maybe Kay was going to have a baby, too (that would have been three this month who weren't expected) and from all accounts of the plot she easily could have—but it was nothing as serious as that.

"What iss?" Mike asks

"When he knocks," Kay explains, "I say 'Who is it?' and then he's supposed to say his name. What is his name?"



The exact scene witnessed by old snooper Mook, as Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot make "Mandalay."

Fine thing! They've been shooting three weeks on this picture and she doesn't even know the name of the man she's supposed to marry at the end of it. Another fine thing! Neither did Curtiz. They had to ask the script girl.

Kay looked very fetching in a tight fitting, sleeveless yellow organdy trimmed in black embroidery. I wiped my heated brow and gazed resentfully at her. Why can't men wear cool, summery things like that. Oh, well, skip it.

"How's it?" Lyle asks as he comes up.

"How should I know in this heat?" I retort. "What's all this about you and Judith Allen? I wish to heaven you'd get yourself a girl and keep her for more than a week. I've got enough worries without trying to keep track of your romances."

"Nothing to it," says Lyle. "I used to work in a small stock company with her. When she came out here she happened to be stopping at the same apartment hotel as I and we ran into each other. When I was away on location, she and her mother were very nice to my parents, who were alone out here, and I appreciated it. And when I had my automobile accident and the studio wanted me to make pictures with somebody acting as nurse, she came up in

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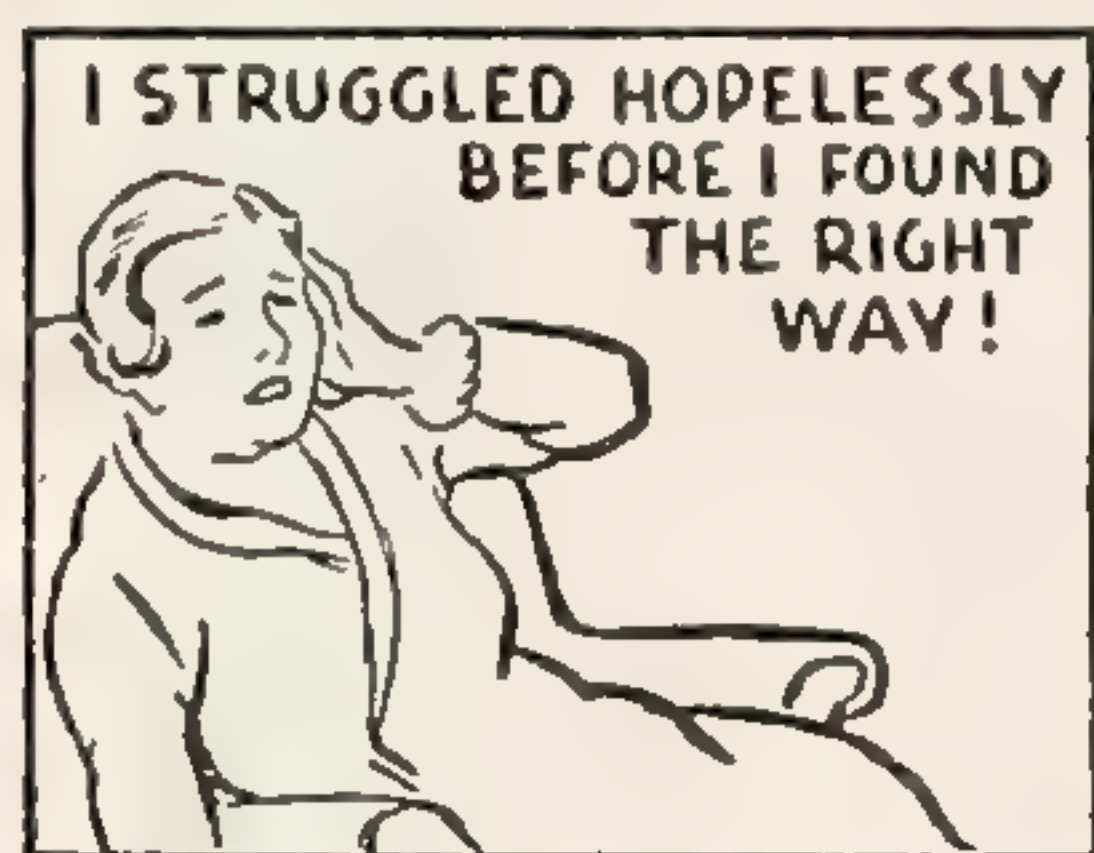
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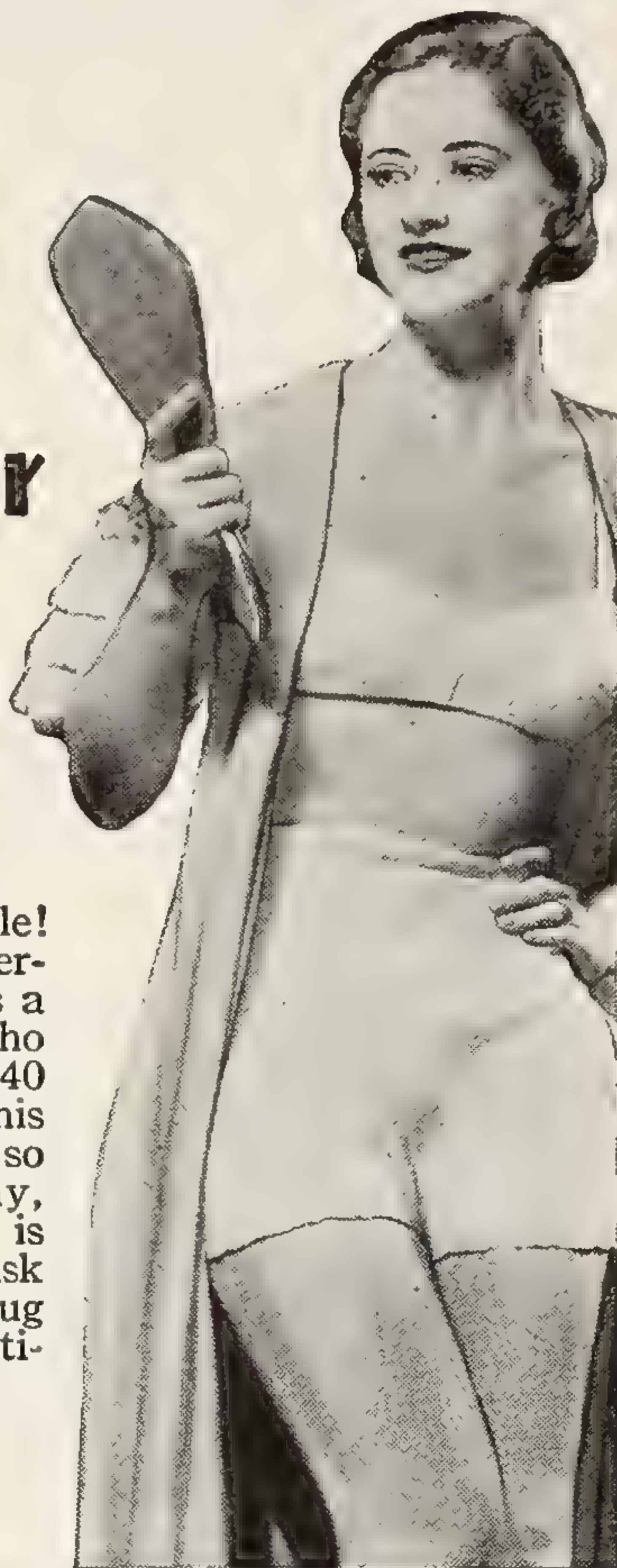
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a nurse's uniform and posed with me and that's all there is to it. Just good friends."

All right, Mr. Talbot, but take care. If you or Master Tom Brown or any other actor ever gives me that "Good friends" stuff again I'm a gonna shoot to kill. I'm what my old negro mammy calls "short-patience."

From the set of "Mandalay" I trickle over to Stage 5 and drip off. Stage 5 is the "process" stage and Gentleman Dick—the Barthelmess—is at work there on "Mas-sacre." Usually that stage is closed to visitors because they don't want their trick shots given away. Whadda I care?

"Hahsit, Dick?" I shout, not noticing that the cameras are turning. I didn't remain in ignorance of that fact long, let me tell you.

"Swell," he says when the shot is finished. "I'm more enthused over this picture than any I've had in ages."

"You look like Tom Mix at the height of his glory," I accuse him, because usually Dick is the acme of good taste in his clothes and now he's got on one of those ten gallon hats and his car fairly screams for attention.

"I'm supposed to be something like that," he announces triumphantly. "I'm a Sioux Indian who has been taken from his Iowa reservation by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and educated in Haskell College. After I graduate I become a rodeo rider. Then I'm taken up by a sex-ridden society girl—Claire Dodd—who manages to make quite a hero of me." Dick's eyelids drooped modestly at this last announcement.

"Swell sunburn you've got, Dick," I murmur meaningly.

Dick grins and calls me something which I hope I have misunderstood

"Just about this time," he continues, "I learn that my father is dying and I go to the Indian reservation to see him. I've been riding at the Fair and I'm just leaving."

"Did you say you're a rodeo rider?" I inquire.

"Yes," says the unsuspecting star.

"Do you do the riding?" I persist.

"You'll see," says Dick blandly, "—when the picture is released."

Well, I will say for Mr. Barthelmess there are darned few things he can't do, and it wouldn't surprise me to see him leaping over the back of a galloping horse, or leaning from the saddle to snatch a handkerchief off the ground.

Heat or no heat, a Mook always comes through, so I stroll over to give Mr. Paul Muni the benefit of my expert views on his acting. Unfortunately, Mr. Muni and I are not on joking terms. We're not even on speaking terms. We've never even been introduced.

But Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and I are on even better than joking terms. We're on bawling out terms. Witness:

"What about that story you were going to do on me?" Mervyn asks without so much as a howdy-do. "You came up for dinner and said you were going home and write a swell yarn."

"That's right," I agree. "I did go home but when I got there you'd given me so much food I fell asleep and when I woke up next morning I'd forgotten everything you'd said. I'll come up again sometime and we'll write it while I'm there."

"Nix," says Mervyn. "You just want another feed. I'll come up to your place."

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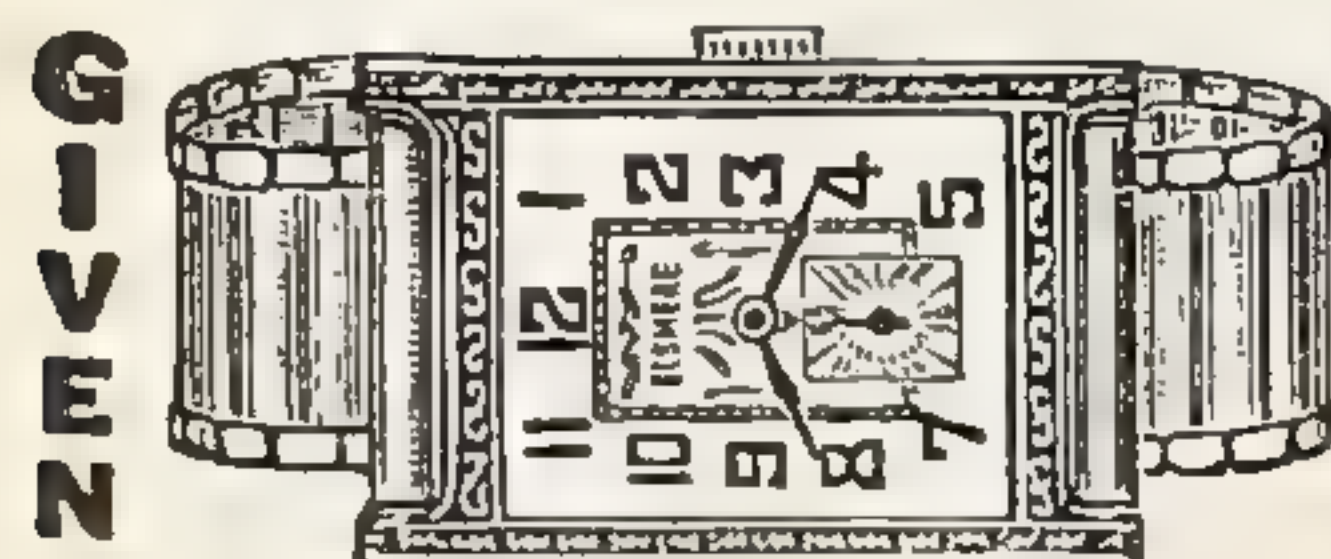
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Well, Mr. LeRoy, I must say!

"Hi, Nellie" (the picture in question) is all about the managing editor (Muni) of a newspaper. Judge Canfield has been appointed to investigate a corrupt political ring, but just before the inquiry gets under way he disappears and, at the same time, his bank fails, with a shortage of \$500,000. (This all happened before President Roosevelt stopped banks from failing.) All the



Paul Muni and Edward Ellis, with the air full of menace, at the filming of "Hi, Nellie."

other papers jump to the conclusion that Canfield has absconded, but Muni thinks it may be a frame-up. So, while he prints the facts, he doesn't link the disappearance and the bank failure.

Next morning Mr. Muni is summoned to the office of the publisher (Berton Churchill). As he enters, he encounters one of the crooks (Edward Ellis), who is just leaving. Confidentially, Mr. Ellis had a finger in the pie of Judge Canfield's disappearance and, naturally, he was overjoyed when the papers intimated the Judge had absconded. Mr. Muni's failure to bite displeased Mr. Ellis very much. Accordingly he—er—threw the hooks into Paul—right in front of Paul's boss.

"Hello, Bradshaw," says Ellis to Paul as they bump into each other. "That was a splendid piece of journalism you turned in last night," he adds sarcastically. Then he shakes his head pityingly from side to side and suddenly bursts into a fit of raucous laughter as he goes out, closing the door after him.

Paul—(you don't mind my calling you "Paul" do you, Mr. Muni?) Paul looks after the vanishing figure and then jerks his head towards the door as he turns to Churchill. "What's O'Connell up to now?" he wonders.

But he never finds out because Mr. Churchill, blue in the face with rage, unburdens himself of a few uncomplimentary opinions of Paul.

That's not all the picture, though. There are thrills, chills, horrors and whatnots. And, whether he feeds me or not, any-



Dean Markham and Irene Hervey in "The Comeback," which is an appropriate title for Irene's return.



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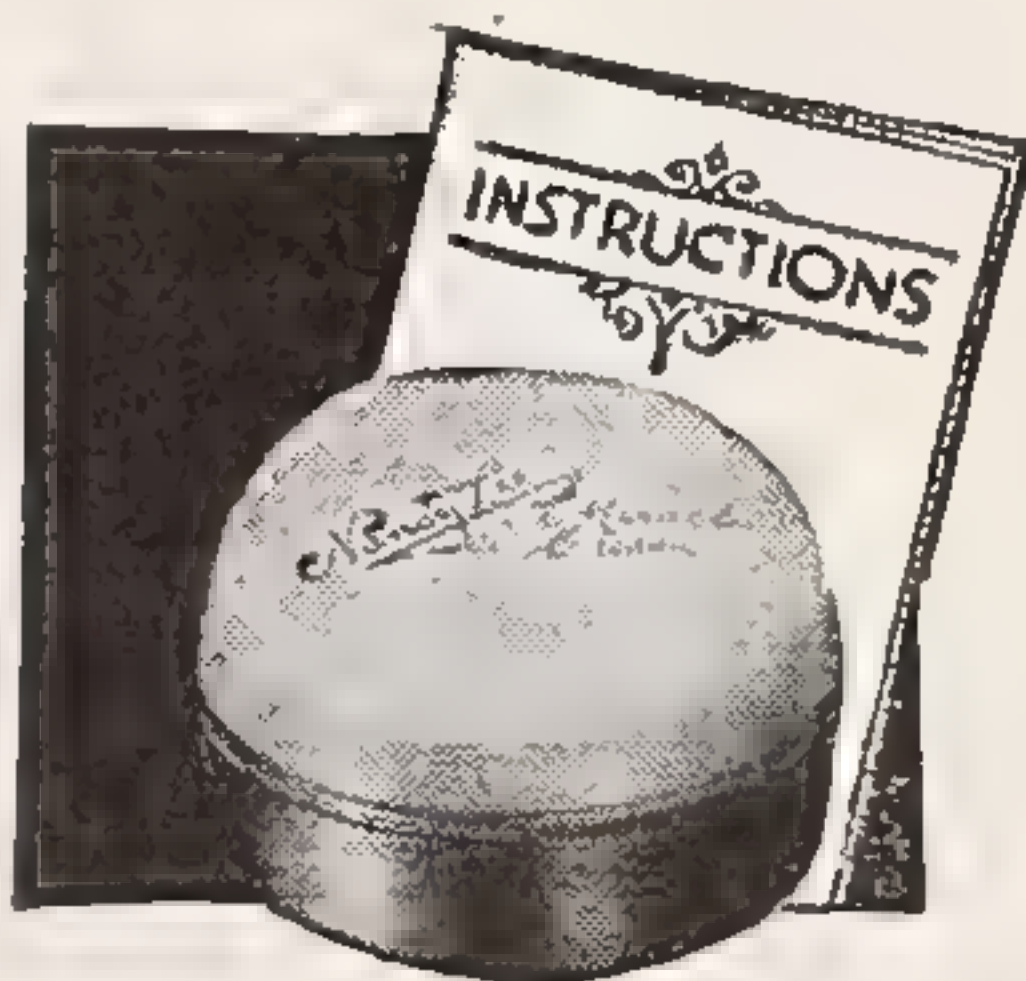
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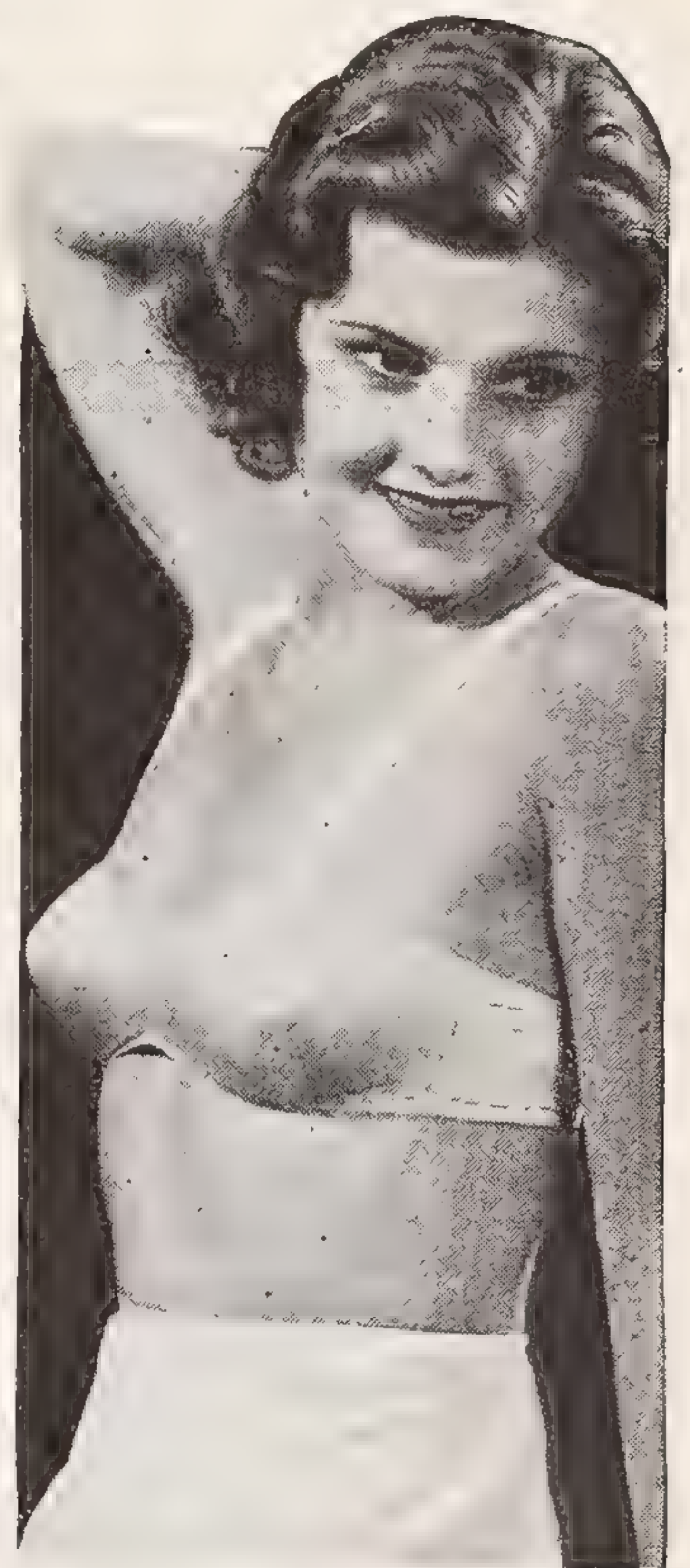
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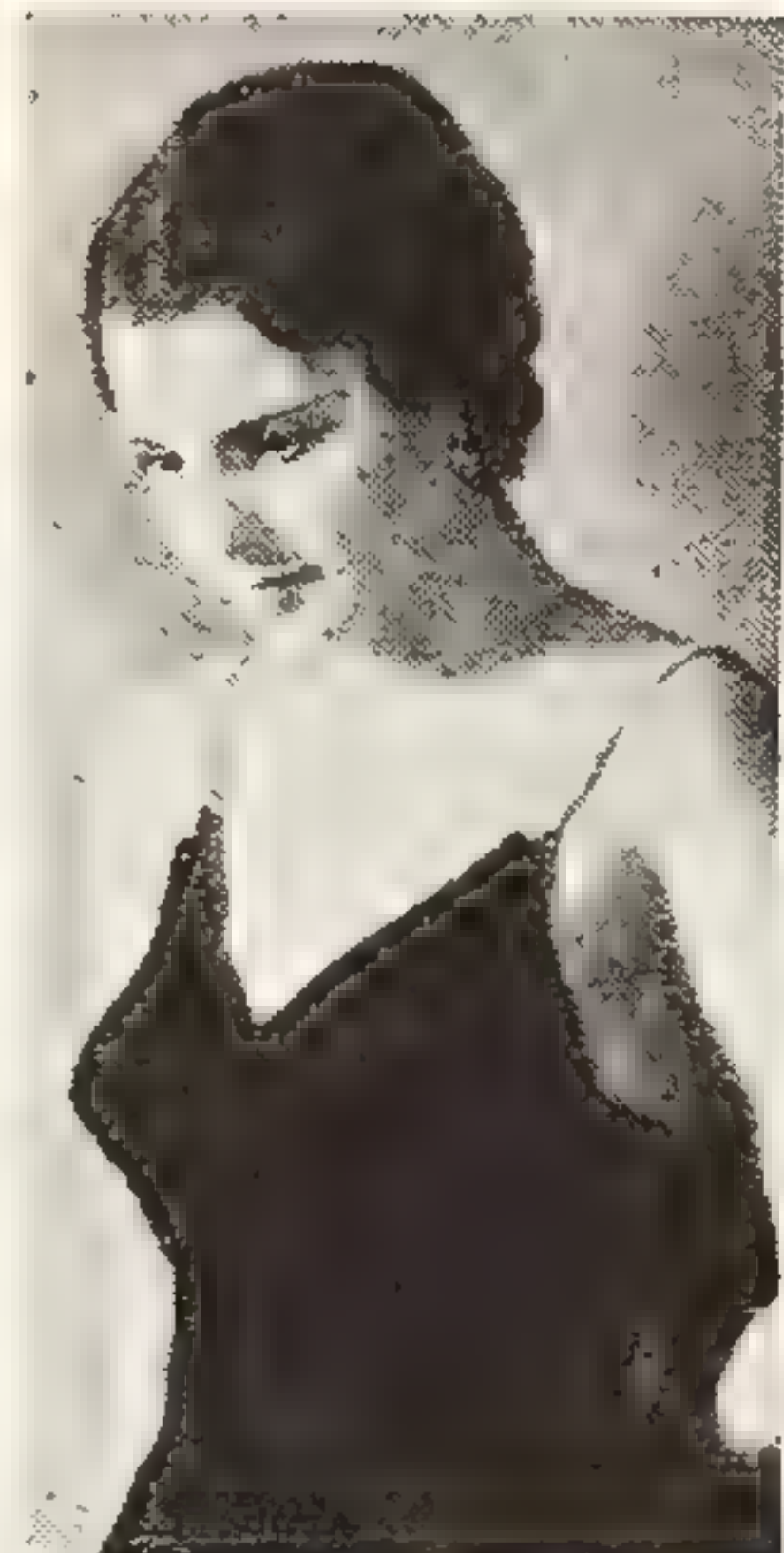
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thing Mervyn directs or that Paul acts in is worth your time, money and attention. Especially recommended, this picture is.

Over at Universal

BEFORE the effects of lunch have worn off good I find myself here. My lucky day. Only two companies shooting—"The Poor Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton, and "Two Clucks" starring Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts.

As Mr. Horton is working at Warner Brothers today, they have to shoot around him, so the company has gone on location. And "Two Clucks" are also on location, so I don't have to do any work at Universal.

M-G-M Humming With Action

BY TAKING a short cut over Highland Avenue, instead of going all the way around the block, through Cahuenga Boulevard, I manage to get out to M-G-M in fifteen miles and thirty-five minutes. My luck still holds. Only one company going—"The Comeback." This picture is noteworthy because it marks Irene Hervey's second picture, and I'm still in a dither from her first one (she played Franchot Tone's wife in "The Stranger's Return").

Otto Kruger is the most spectacular and successful criminal lawyer in New York. Irene has been trying for days to see him to interest him in her father (Samuel Hinds). Ben Lyon, the junior partner, has fallen for Irene and intercedes with Otto (and you don't mind my calling you "Otto" do you, Mr. Kruger?). But Otto refuses to be interested in what he designates as a cheap murder case. Hinds is to be tried for the murder of his wife—Irene's step-mother.

To get rid of her and to hush Ben, Otto finally consents to see the girl—and promptly forgets his promise in a Florida spree. Weeks later he gets around to glancing at the papers Irene and Ben have compiled, and discovers that the murdered woman is someone he had once loved and who had hurt him deeply. He goes berserk, disappears in a fog of whiskey and a week later is found nearly dead of pneumonia on a certain grave in a nearby cemetery.

There are many situations, plots and counter-plots before Barrister Kruger obtains a pardon for Hinds, who has, in the meantime, been sentenced to die.

The pardon hasn't come through yet and Hinds sits in his cell in prison, reading the Bible. As he reads, we see a guard come along the corridor escorting Irene. He motions to another guard inside the death row, who opens the gate, clangs it shut, locks it and guides Irene to her father's cell.

Any man should be willing to die if the last thing he could see would be Irene as she looked then, in a green wool crêpe dress trimmed in black velvet. Sam continues reading his bible and Irene stands at the bars, heartbroken, watching him. Suddenly he looks up and sees her.

"Daddy," she whispers.

Hinds gets up, goes over to the bars, reaches through them and embraces her.

"Try it again," the director orders. "And this time, Sam, don't you start crying, too. She's the one to cry. You're to be brave and comfort her and make her feel that any way it turns out everything is going to be all right."

"Say," one of the technicians pipes up, "you'd better make a note to have the sound of that gate closing, when she comes in, re-dubbed. It sounds like one of my screen doors instead of an iron prison gate."

I stay long enough to be introduced to Irene and then learn to my chagrin that

the Sheik of Hollywood, Dean Markham, is already the head man there.

Last, But Not Least—Fox

ONE more studio and another month's stint is behind me. I breeze into the Fox publicity office and my heart does nip-ups as I learn that only one picture is shooting here, too. What a day! My luck can't hold forever, though, and my heart quiets down when I learn the one picture is "Carolina" starring Janet (Six Lumps) Gaynor.

I will say that this picture has more plot than most of Miss Gaynor's, and it affords her better acting opportunities.

Robert Young is the last male representative of an aristocratic and distinguished Southern family, living in the shadow of yesteryear's glory. His mother (Henrietta Crossman) and his uncle (Lionel Barrymore) uphold the old traditions and dignity, even though the plaster in their mansion is cracked and there is scarcely enough money to buy groceries.

A family of poor Pennsylvanians (wouldn't you just know that would be Janet's folks?) move on to the plantation. Knowing nothing of raising cotton, they plant tobacco. The man dies and the daughter (Janet, of course) carries on.

She and Bob Young become interested in each other, and Janet tries to interest him in planting tobacco, insisting that he will make enough money from it to restore the former glory of the place.

But Miss Crossman wants her son to marry a rich girl. When the banks call for more money, she insists that Bob leave for Charleston and attend to the arrangements the rich girl's bankers are making to take over the place. Then she sends for Janet.

The meeting occurs in the library of the old home. It's a beautiful room. Shelves filled with books reaching to the ceiling on all sides—except for a comparatively small space occupied by the fireplace. Lovely colonial furniture. Miss Crossman, her hair piled high on her head, and dressed in a figured black dimity, looks every inch the aristocratic Southern *grande dame*. Janet looks as she does in the early sequences of all her pictures (it isn't time yet for her to appear in her party dress), wistful, appealing, the pawn of Fate—a badly treated pawn.

"It's just wonderful, Mrs. Connelly," Janet bursts out with girlish enthusiasm. "You wanted to hear about the crop, didn't you? It would pay you to put acres and acres into tobacco. Why, Mr. Richards, the storekeeper, is so excited he wants to go into partnership with me next year. He says—"

"You saw Will (Bob Young) last night after we talked," Miss Crossman interrupts.

"Yes," Janet admits—after a slight pause.

"Didn't we settle that you wouldn't do that?" Miss Crossman persists.

"I said I—couldn't—promise, Mrs. Connelly," Janet whispers.

"I advised you *not* to see him," Miss Crossman goes on.

"Yes," Janet admits.

"Are you going to see him again?"

Janet hesitates a second and then, "I'm going to see him this morning."

"I'm afraid," says Miss Crossman gently, "you'll be disappointed."

She knows darned well Janet will be disappointed, and that Bob is in Charleston by now.

But don't worry. Janet only has to be brave through two or three more reels and then she'll get him. And *that* should be a big load off the minds of a very large portion of the theatre-going public.

Cheerio! See you next month.

Now You Can DRESS LIKE Myrna Loy!

Silver Screen's Pattern
Department Will Help
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tible.

WHAT charm Myrna Loy's frock has, with its youthful collar and stunning seaming, sleeves discreetly full at the shoulders and smartly tight at the wrists—in other words truly 1934 in every little detail. Doesn't it make you fairly long to jump right into it? You will find it very easy to make, too, so even if you've never before made a single thing to wear, take a chance with this, as, with the pattern, we give you an illustrated lesson that *shows* as well as *tells* exactly how to place the pattern on your fabric, cut it out, and put it together.

Miss Loy's frock is fashioned of sheer wool, tiny checks in sort of wood brown shades; the collar is white pique, and the buttons and belt buckle white bone. The flower of white pique is ready made, and can be purchased at any shop, or may be omitted altogether. You need not select wool—if you prefer a frock of silk crêpe or faille, you will find this model just as smart in either fabric. The Spring color chart includes such intriguing shades as Bois de

Myrna Loy's graceful form loses nothing in this clever frock. No one can resist it—neither the prizefighter nor the lady.

light tones, blue—also in the Chinese manner, and Patou's much discussed "wild black-berry." With any of these delightful colors you may use white, flesh or cream for contrast.

Miss Loy's frock, Pattern SS 112, may be ordered only in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40.

Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54 inch fabric and ½ yard 36 inch contrasting.

By the way, better send for the new Spring Pattern Book. You will find some of the smartest frocks of the season in it—for afternoons, evenings and sports—and many clever suggestions that will save you money. PRICE OF CATALOG, 15¢. PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15¢ each. CATALOG AND PATTERN TOGETHER, 25¢.

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Address.....

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The Final Thing



Mala, the Eskimo.

BROADWAY is my bookshelf. The theatres are the books and the gay marquees are the gaudy wrappers. If I want to read a thrilling story, *action! action!* there's the Strand, with James Cagney, to read. Romance is there, on my shelf, with "Little Women," and comedy and travel are there, too. In fact, "Eskimo" has given me an idea:

When you see this great story of the Arctic you will see more than a travelogue. Even though the settings are marvelous in their reality, atmosphere and authentic detail. The most remarkable thing about "Eskimo" is the acting. Never has there been such perfect "character" work, and the convincing quality is due to the utter lack of self-consciousness. Of course, the reason is that the performers did not know what a *camera* was, nor what a *picture* was, nor a *screen*. So they did their parts with that perfect poise which the greatest actors long for.

We hope that some of our Hollywood friends will go to see this film and think deeply upon this point, and then, when next they are before the camera, let them seek to carry on the technique of *Mala*.

Or, perhaps it would be better to send for these people of the north to come to Hollywood, and send our beloved Hollywood actors to the Arctic Circle. B-r-r-r!

There is an absorbing topic for argument here. They were not acting, therefore it is was not Art.

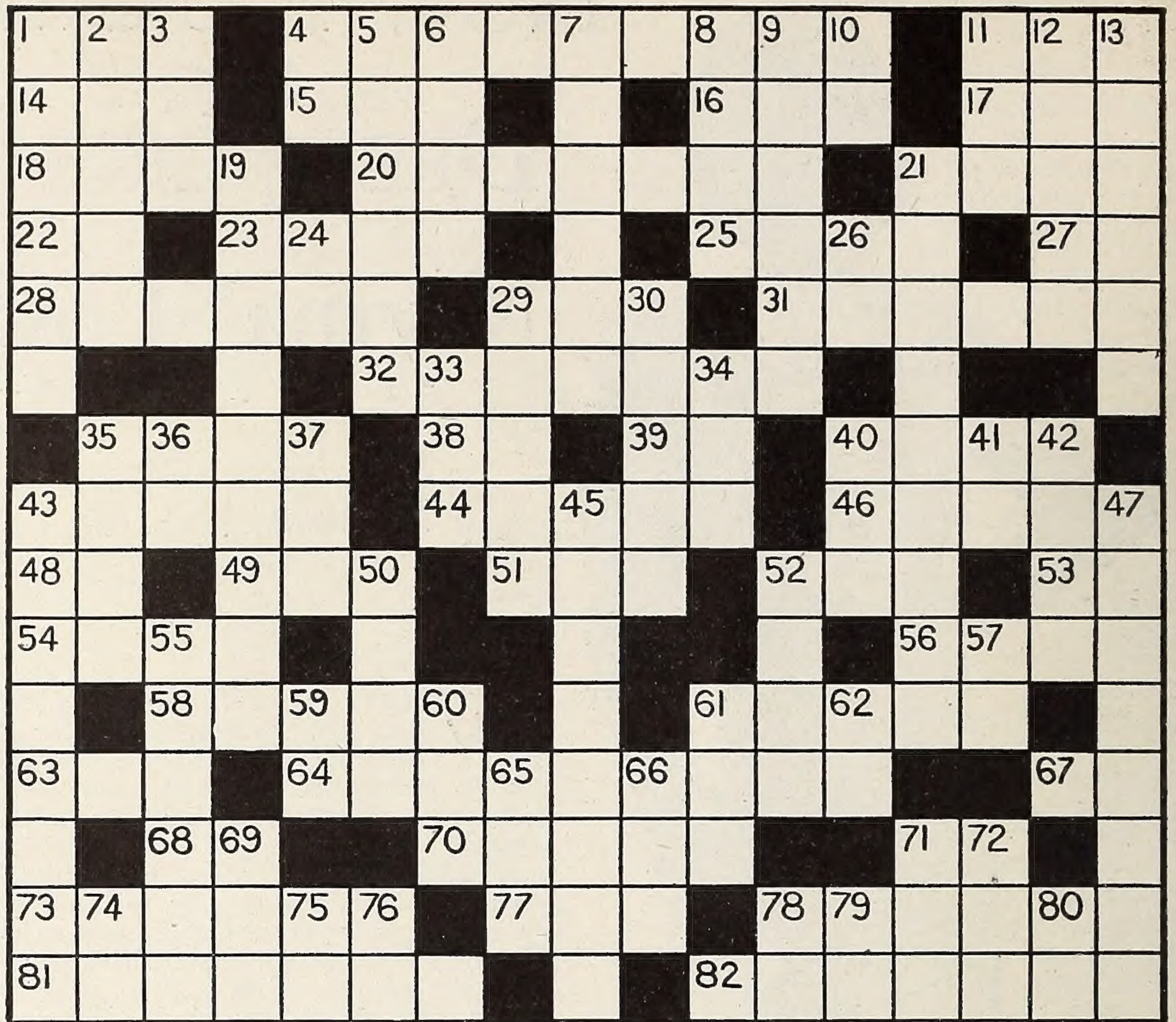
Nature in the raw is never Art.

"Eskimo" also is a vindication of the silent pictures. The picture talks, to be sure, but in the Eskimo tongue. The cadence of the language of these simple people is fascinating, and the scattered English titles are ample to explain the story. The use of the third person "One is happy to give to a friend," lends a poetic quality to the titles. Sound is useful and no silent picture could have the full flavor of this masterpiece—and here is the tip: *Sound* does not have to be understood. Remember Mae West's cooing love noises?

See "Eskimo" for its simple greatness. It shows why Rockwell Kent and other artists love the Arctic—it shows how *actors* should act, and best of all it shows how delightful women are when they have nothing to say about anything.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle



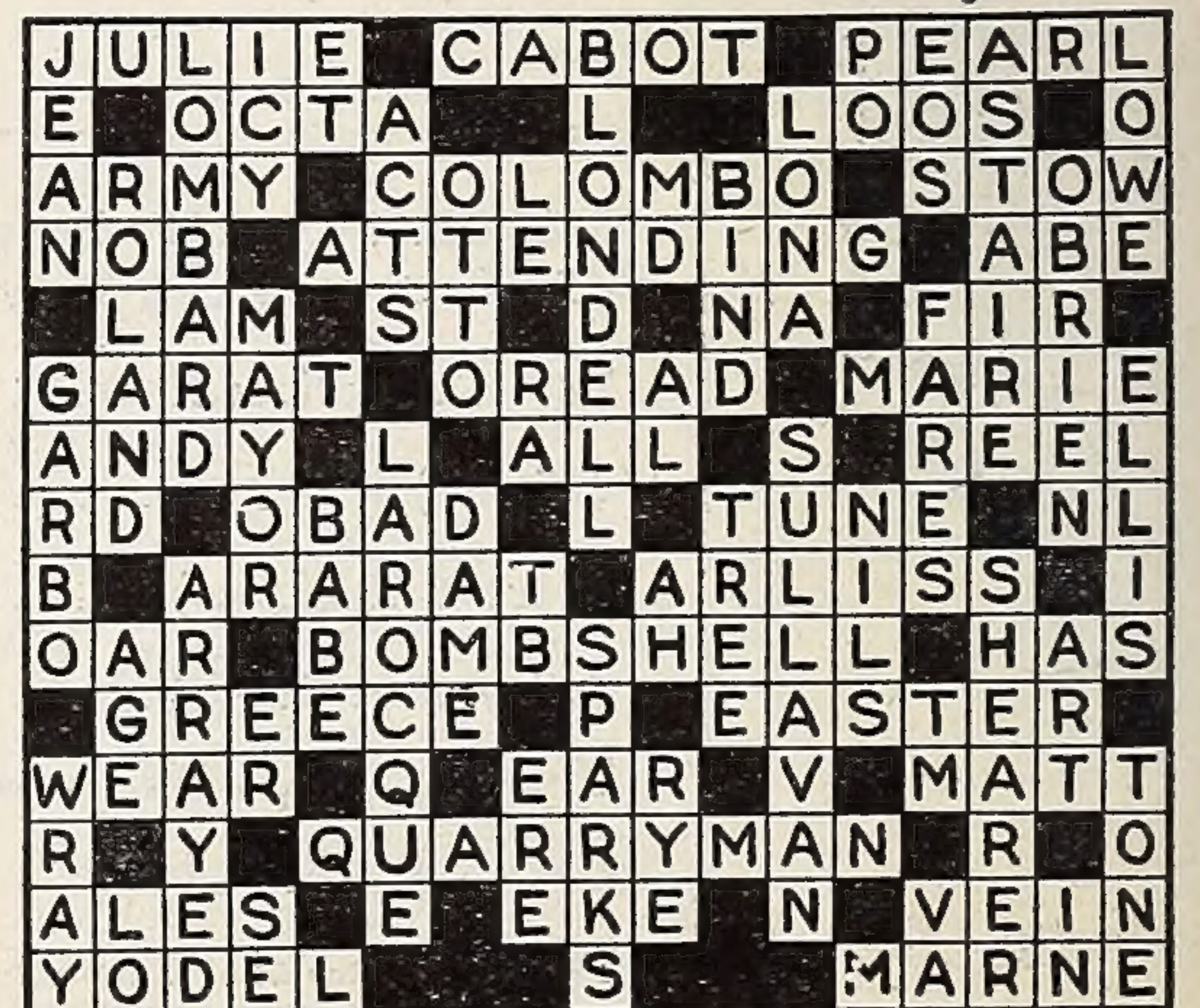
ACROSS

- 1 She was last seen in "The House on 56th Street"
- 4 She portrayed "Alice in Wonderland"
- 11 Permit
- 14 The grain produced by a hardy cereal grass
- 15 First name of producer of comedies
- 16 To row
- 17 The little girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
- 18 Vases
- 20 Dried grapes
- 21 Apprehension of danger
- 22 The author of Silas Marner (initials)
- 23 An oven for drying
- 25 A volcano
- 27 An island in the Pacific Ocean (abbr.)
- 28 The great film made in Alaska
- 29 By way of
- 31 She was the lovely wife in "The Masquerader"
- 32 One of the youngsters in "Our Gang" comedies
- 35 He attended the Santa Clara University
- 38 He will retire after making "Wonder Bar"
- 39 Where Abraham lived (Bib.)
- 40 The sleuth made famous by author Earl Derr Biggers
- 43 Well known radio character
- 44 The earth
- 46 Audibly
- 48 Indefinite article
- 49 Plunder
- 51 A well known playwright
- 52 Part of the verb "to be"
- 53 To perform
- 54 A bird's home
- 56 One who foresees future events
- 58 One who unlawfully takes what is not his
- 61 Forcibly concise
- 63 Masculine name (Bib.)
- 64 Rosalie in "The Way to Love"
- 67 She personified flaming youth
- 68 An advertisement (abbr.)
- 70 Takes out (used in proof reading)
- 71 Parent
- 73 The colored boy of "Our Gang"
- 77 A shade tree
- 78 He is "Tarzan, the Fearless"
- 81 The trans-oceanic liner that sank after striking an iceberg
- 82 The heavyweight champion of the world

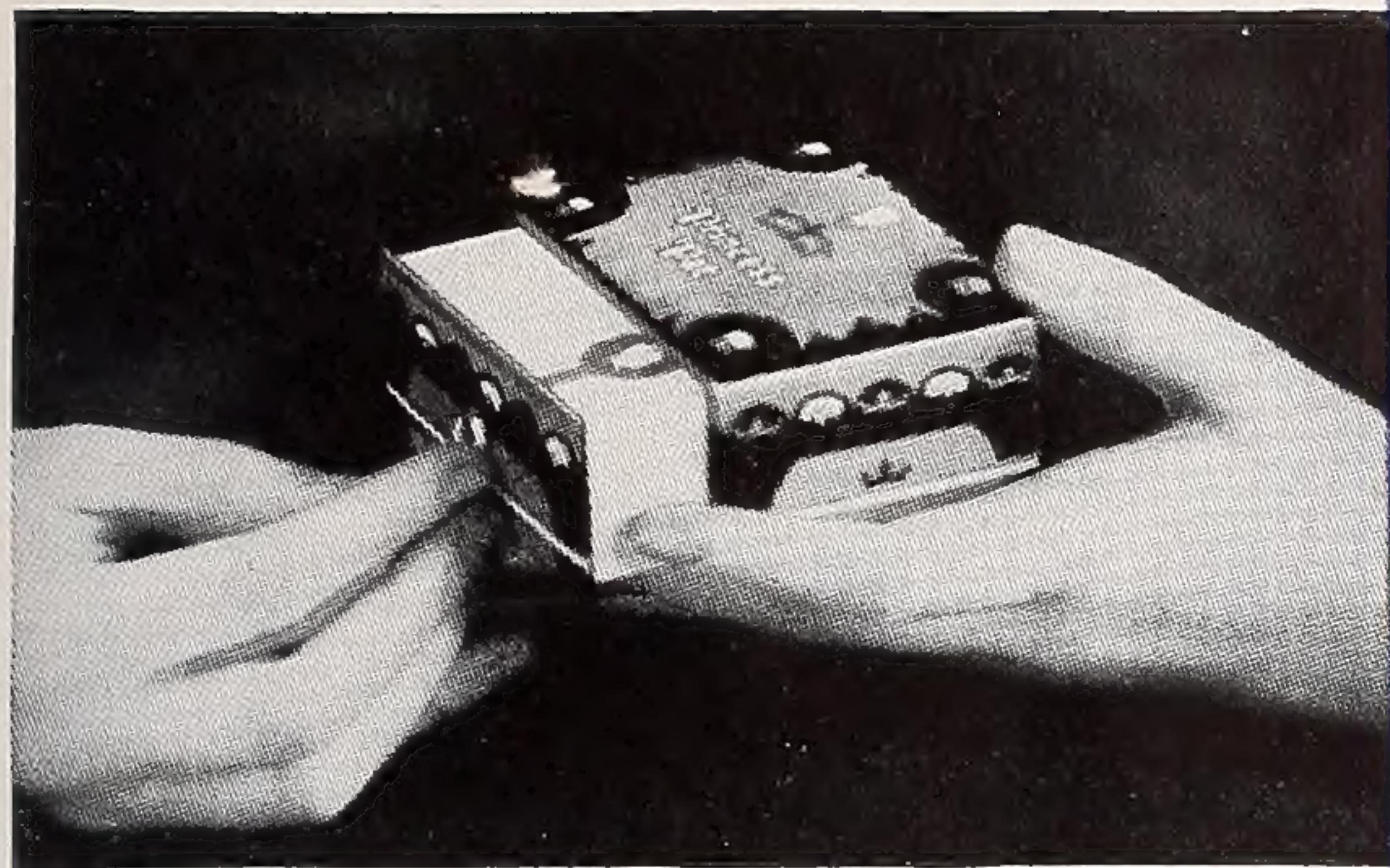
DOWN

- 1 He was the German Professor in "Ever in My Heart"
- 2 He played opposite Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness"
- 3 A Japanese coin
- 4 Place of worship (abbr.)
- 5 "The Blonde Bombshell"
- 6 First name of RKO player
- 7 The radio operator in "Night Flight"
- 8 Joan Crawford's constant companion
- 9 One employed to test edibles
- 10 She is the heroine in "To the Last Man" (initials)
- 11 The press agent in "Dinner at Eight"
- 12 She played with Richard Dix in "Forever Faithful"
- 13 The character Johnny Weissmuller made famous
- 19 She was born in London
- 21 Devoid of faith
- 24 Contraction of "I am"
- 26 Measured distance on earth's surface (abbr.)
- 29 Her next picture is "Laughing Boy"
- 30 The clear blue of the sky
- 33 Head covering
- 34 A period of time
- 35 A narrow street
- 36 Either
- 37 A highly advertised radio crime club
- 40 A vehicle
- 41 An Indo-China dialect
- 42 Bare
- 43 He returns to the screen in "Blood Money"
- 45 Virginia Banning in "Dr. Bull"
- 47 "Cradle Song" is her first American picture
- 50 The new he-man lover of the screen
- 52 A well known character actor
- 55 She's in "Roman Scandals"
- 57 A radio baritone (initials)
- 59 A preposition
- 60 Having been nourished
- 61 A contraction of "it is"
- 62 The smallest of the forty-eight states (abbr.)
- 65 She is the bride of Joel McCrea
- 66 A popular cough remedy
- 69 Day (Sp.)
- 71 Human being
- 72 A man's name
- 74 A three toed sloth
- 75 A former Hollywood vamp (initials)
- 76 American Institute (abbr.)
- 78 Court of Appeal (abbr.)
- 79 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 80 One of Warner's junior stars (initials)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



IF YOU REALLY KNEW *about Princess Pat powder* --- YOU'D SURELY TRY IT



• here we shall try to give the facts - - read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

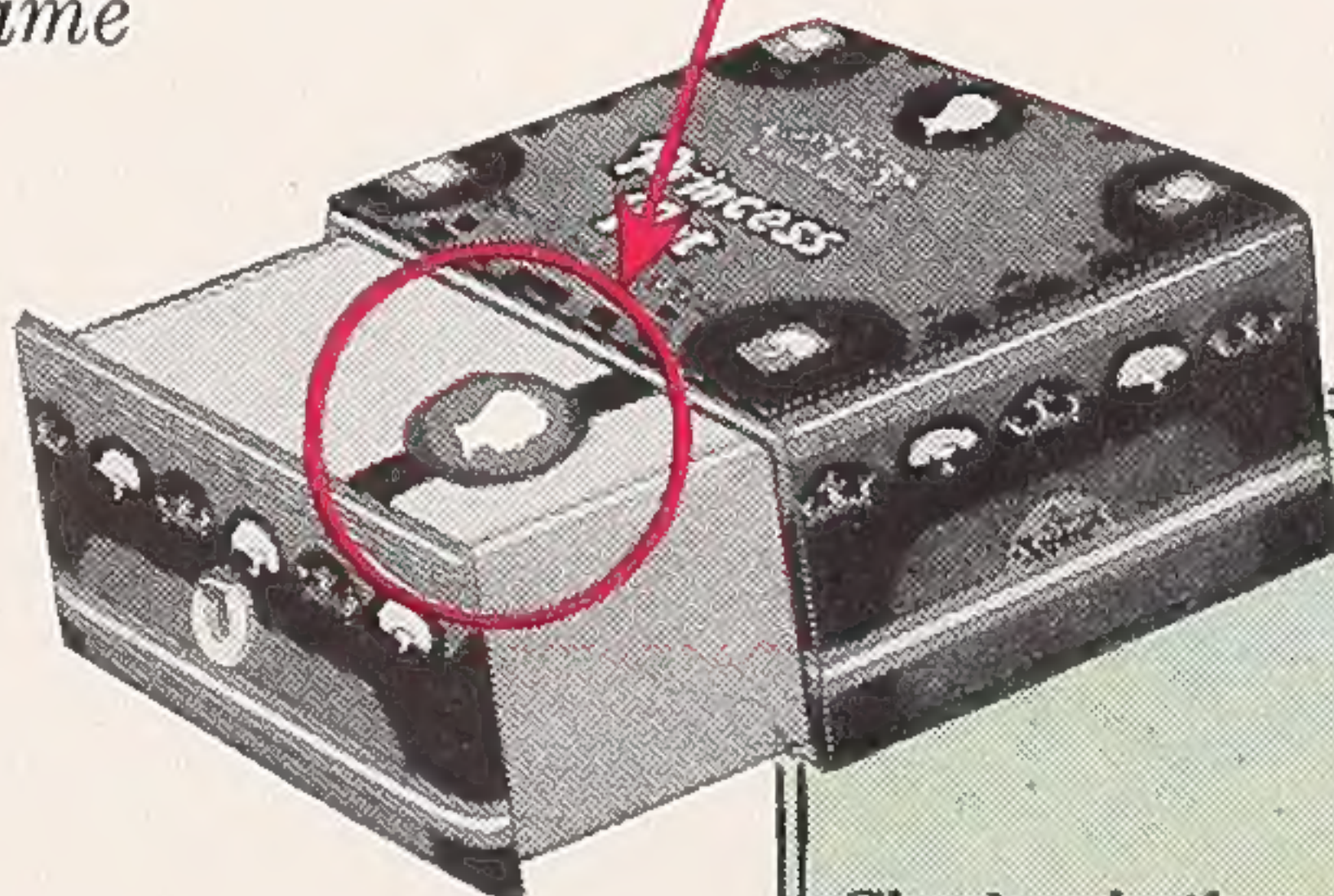


Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is fragrance. Will you like Princess Pat? Yes. For its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of romantic things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume. So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat powder is a fragrance of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder. For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in *no other face powder*. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! When you powder, you actually improve your skin. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture. You will inevitably say you look younger *by years* once you have changed to Princess Pat face powder.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base — cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.



NOW IS THE TIME! Receive

FREE a beautiful Vanity

It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than \$1 — worth more. The cleverest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use — filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

What you do to get the Vanity

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent *entirely* free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago. Dept. A-3052 I am enclosing ribbon and medallion from a box of Princess Pat face powder. ENTIRELY FREE, postage prepaid, send me the Vanity offered. The Vanity is to come filled, with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge.

Check whether Gold _____ or Silver _____ finish is desired.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON

CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

— about Cigarettes

Of all the ways in
which tobacco is used
the cigarette is the
mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Another thing—cigarettes are about the most convenient smoke. All you have to do is strike a match.

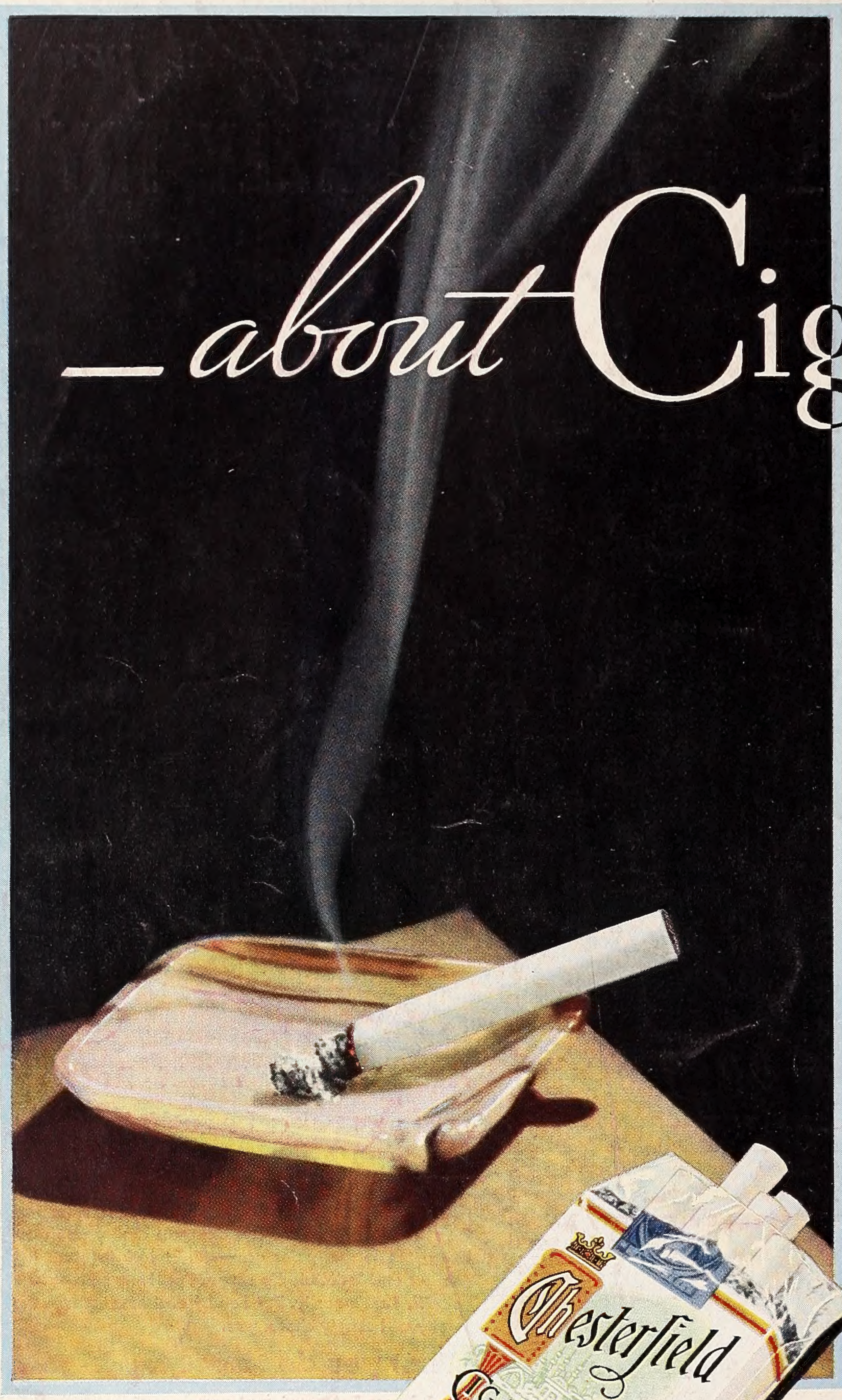
Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's
MILDER

the cigarette that
TASTES BETTER

—we ask you to try them



Chesterfield

They Satisfy